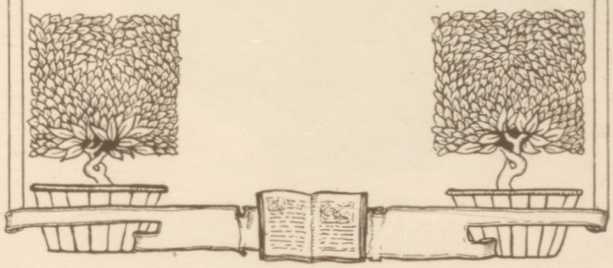
The ACORN

June 1916

THE ACORN

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL



To

Dr. George C. Thompson

As a Mark of Esteem and Appreciation for his
Sympathetic and Kindly Guidance
This Issue of the Acorn is
Respectfully Dedicated

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EDITORIAL

APPRECIATION

We, the Editors of the Acorn, take this opportunity to extend our thanks to all those who have shown an interest in the editing of this book. We wish to thank the Faculty for encouragement and advice; the students who have contributed material for the pages of this issue; The Evening Times-Star; the Phoenix Photo Engraving Company for professional advice; the Star and Key for stimulating interest; and the High Senior Class for financing and managing its own department. To all these we wish now to express our deepest appreciation of their assistance in making this issue a success.

STUDENT CONTROL

Did you know that student control is gradually gaining a foothold in our school? A new policy is developing among us:—the unobtrusive practice of self-government, making you feel as citizens of the High School Community under obligation to see that school life is carried on as life in a community should be. It has been the constant aim of Dr. Thompson to place a definite responsibility on you and make each one of you realize that you are an important part of the school and necessary for its welfare. In order to succeed in this plan Dr. Thompson has appointed student and faculty committees in which students are on an equal basis with the faculty, so that together they may do their best to establish a standard of good conduct and good citizenship. Now students, it is time that you were learning that upon you rests the necessity of establishing good behavior in school and out of school, in the theater, on the car,—everywhere. For, whether we like it or whether we don't, if a student is found guilty of an offense, no matter how small, his actions reflect on the High School. We all get criticized for it,—the principal, the faculty, and the students as a body. From the fact that our school is a community, we are blamed for the misconduct of the citizens who belong to that community.

"Now that," as the Stanford 'Chaparral' says, "we are speaking" of this

topic of good conduct, it might not be out of place to speak of the sensational manner in which some newspapers take up such affairs. If it is discovered that the offending person is a member of the High School, the name of the School is at once connected with that student,—consequently bringing upon the whole school unjust censure. For, while our school endeavors to hold up the highest standard of conduct, nevertheless, you are only in school from nine o'clock till three for five days out of the week. The home life of the student is undoubtedly responsible in many cases, and schools are often unjustly condemned for such misdemeanors. Now it is for you to see that the name of the High School is not connected with such unpleasant articles.

The Committee of Senior Girls, which assumes the responsibility of welcoming the Freshman Girls into our school and acting as their guardians, certainly does its part in this big movement. The girls not only set good examples in conduct, but also in scholarship. The Student Advisory Council, composed of High Senior boys, corresponds to the Senior Girls' Committee; so, where it is possible, this council is given the settlement of matters which touch the general life of the Student Body. This council, together with the Senior Girls' Committee, is entrusted with the responsibility of developing a high standard of conduct and self-government among the students. Now make yourself a committee of one to uphold good conduct, good scholarship, and good citizenship.

THE OAK LEAF

The Journalism Class under the able guidance of Arthur F. Agard, has very successfully edited the Oak Leaf this semester. The system of managing and editing has been completely changed, and the enthusiastic class has run the paper independent of financial aid from the Administrative Board. The class obtained enough subscribers to pay for the printing of the Oak Leaf. Instead of electing a new managing editor and literary editor for each issue it was decided to have officers without change for the whole term. Tom Ryan, Manager; Philip Holden, Managing-Editor; and Ruth Eubanks, Literary-Editor, were elected by the class to take charge of the six issues of the Oak Leaf. Throughout the term Dr. Thompson and Mr. Agard have encouraged the members of the class to obtain subscriptions from people outside of the school in order to spread the paper through the community and to show the citizens what practical work the class is doing and how well it can do it. Many copies of the Oak Leaf have been mailed to outside subscribers, and the editors hope

that there will be many more next term. The Oak Leaf prints news of all that is happening around the school at the time the paper comes out, and many articles are in anticipation of events instead of summing them up as the Acorn does. In this way the Oak Leaf serves as a supplement to the Acorn and is well worth all the time and money which the students spend on it.

An official seal designed by Wayman Watts, June '18, has been adopted by the High School. It appeared first on the Low Senior Play programs, then on the last two issues of the Oak Leaf, and is now embossed on the cover of this Acorn. A seal is something that the School has lacked for a long time; and now that one has been adopted, why not use it and become familiar with it? This seal made into a school pin would be much more effective and appropriate for our High School than the banner pins that have been adopted by all the Grammar Schools of Alameda. Why not make the adoption of the design for an A. H. S. pin official?

A REPUTATION TO LIVE UP TO

We quote the following article from the "New England and National Journal of Education" published in Boston, Mass.:

"The Alameda High School is a revelation of the progress of public education in California. Prominent among its achievements is the fact that the general conduct and courtesy of the student body is almost above reproach in any particular.

"A complete newspaper of considerable size, entitled the Oak Leaf, is issued six times during the term, and is the work of these pupils. The "Acorn," an ambitious and high class book containing stories, essays, humor and class data, and filled with beautiful original drawings and photos, is produced by the seniors about the time of graduation."

Think of it! We are famous in Boston!

IN MEMORIAM

Thelma Coney, a member of the class of June '19, whose sunny disposition and brave fight against overwhelming odds endeared her to both teachers and students, was a courageous spirit whose brief sojourn has made her name a lasting memory. Her death on January 24, 1916, bereaved not only relatives and friends, but all her associates; for her unfailing cheerfulness and pluck were a constant inspiration.

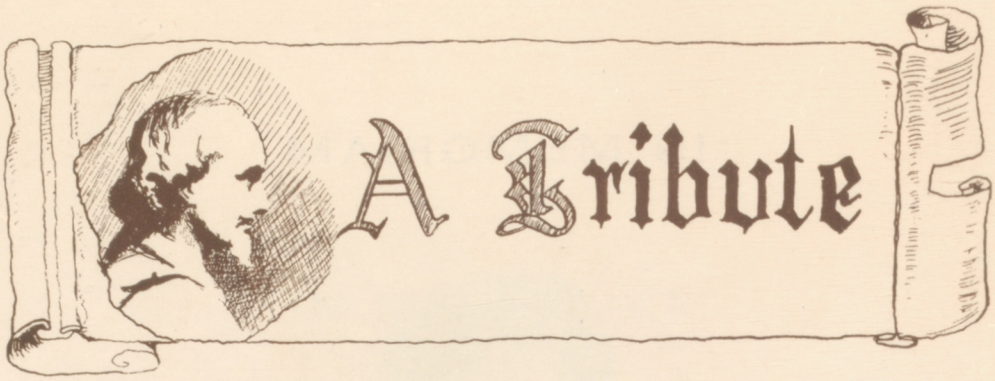
IN MEMORIAM

MISS CHARLOTTE N. NEALE

DIED MARCH 17, 1916

Calm, kindly, patient, strong in the quiet dignity of self control, broad in culture and experience, wise in sympathy and understanding;—such was our friend and teacher, Miss Charlotte N. Neale.

"We loved her for the loving thoughts which sped
Straight from her heart, until they found their goal
In some perplexed or troubled soul,
And broke anew the ever living bread.
We loved the mind courageous, which no dread
Of failure ever daunted; whose control
Of gentleness all opposition stole;
We loved herself and all the joy she shed."



A Tribute

IN THE PLEASANT town of Stratford-upon-Avon, England, there stands a low-roofed cottage where three hundred and fifty-two years ago William Shakespeare was born. "Its walls," says Washington Irving, "are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature." Shakespeare is a great poet of nature, it is the "touch of nature" in his works that has made him not only England's poet but the whole world's kin. Homer, Dante, and Milton have immortalized their names in the world of literature; Shakespeare has immortalized his name in our hearts.

We know really very little about Shakespeare personally, tradition and inference being responsible for many of the so-called facts on which our stories of his life are founded; but from his own writings we are enabled to know more of him than we would had he left a mass of facts for biographers to work with; for we can look into his soul. When he writes:

> "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."

and,

> " Daffodils
> That come before the swallows dare, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath,"

we must infer that oftimes in his life he turned to nature and found in its beauty consolation and fresh inspiration.

In his writings we see the man; courageous yet ever gentle and tender, great because his ideals were high and he lived in their glow and inspiration. The presence of love, truth, and charity in a human soul reveals a morality

based not on the hope of salvation but on the knowledge that the divine things of life give the depth of understanding which is salvation. Just as a composer, aware of the beauty of the words before him, is stirred to the creation of music to convey them, so Shakespeare, moved by moral sublimity in nature gave form to his interpretations. This understanding gave him that spiritual insight which places him among the greatest of moral teachers. In all his plays crime and vice receive due punishment, and the simplest, smallest virtues are glorified.

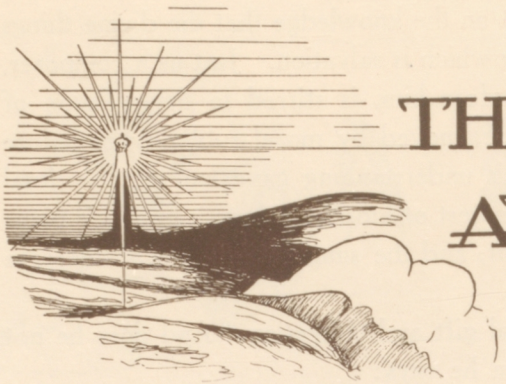
He appreciated love as a spiritual gift and obligation. And does he not teach us that virtue is but truth when he says:

"O how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The Rose looks fair, but fairer it we deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses;
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die themselves: sweet Roses do not so,
Of their sweet Deaths are sweetest odours made."

And Shakespeare tells us of Mercy, the natural child of Truth and Love:

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being Merciful:
Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge."

His reverence for love, truth, mercy, and charity is the source from which have sprung his rich streams of thought to refresh man for ever more. We know that nature was his inspiration and that "the soul takes on something of the greatness of that which it truly admires."—*Russel Medcraft, Dec. '16*



THE KEEPER AT HILLCREST

ALL DAY the storm had been raging, and from the lookout tower of the Hillcrest Life-Saving Station, Graham, the keeper, watched the white-capped waves dash themselves to pieces against the rocks. At three o'clock the first patrol came in, his face red from exposure to the cold wind. He climbed up the ladder and reported his return. Graham did not turn his head. He seemed hardly to have heard. Since morning there had been a troubled look on his face and he had kept apart from the rest of the men.

Suddenly he started; there it was again, the harsh jangling of the telephone bell. He knew it was for him and the men below knew it also, for not one of them made an attempt to answer it. Slowly he climbed down the ladder and with fear in his heart took down the receiver.

"Is that you, Henry?" called the anxious voice of his wife. "Dr. Smith says he hasn't much longer to live now. Unless an operation is performed by the specialist, Dr. Brown, he will not live through the night. I telephoned to Bay City for him, but the next train doesn't leave there until ten o'clock tonight and that will be too late. Can't you come home?"

"No," replied Graham, "I can't leave the station during this storm. We may be called out any minute to the assistance of some boat."

"But it is your day off," replied his wife. "I don't see why you can't come."

Graham knew what his final answer must be. His six year old boy had been very ill for two days, and today had grown worse. His wife had telephoned several times, but he knew that this would be the last call. It was a strict rule of the Hillcrest Life-Saving Station that no one should leave except on his day off, and it was a rule among the men themselves that on stormy

days no one was to leave, whether it was his day off or not; and as Graham was the captain it was his duty to remain and take charge of the boat should it be called out.

As Graham turned from the phone Morgan, the stroke oar of the crew, stepped out from the adjoining room.

"I would like to assume the responsibility of the station, sir," he said. "The boys have voted to let you go home."

Graham merely looked at Morgan, and without a word climbed again to his lookout tower.

Morgan returned again to the room where the men were.

"What did he say?" inquired Adams, the youngest member of the crew.

"Nothing," replied Morgan.

"What did he do?" asked one of the men.

"He merely looked at me and climbed up to the tower."

"What is the matter with him! Why don't he go home?" burst out Adams. "His kid is dying and he is needed at home. We all agreed to let him go."

"When you have been in the service longer you will understand why he stayed," replied Morgan. "And besides, it would take all of us to row him across to his house, and that would leave the station unguarded." He stopped, for there in the open door stood Graham.

"Stand by to run out the boat," he commanded. "There is a tug on the rocks near the entrance to the bay."

Morgan, taking the glasses from Graham, climbed up to the tower. "Yes," he called down, "she is about five miles away. Some of the waves are going clear over her."

Quickly the men wheeled the big life-boat down to the water and launched her. At stroke Morgan settled himself grimly. He realized that no easy task lay before them. Graham, at the tiller, snaked the boat out through the chop of the bay. As the crew pulled out into the fierce sweep of the wind it was with difficulty that he kept his position. Great knobs of ice formed around the oarlocks and hindered the steady stroke of the men. Soon it began to snow. The men lost sight of the tug in the inlet. They could not see for more than a hundred yards ahead. On all sides the sea rushed down upon them. The boat reared wildly to the top of a wave and then slid down into the dark abyss beyond. The men were deluged with freezing spray. For over

an hour they hung to their oars. But Graham, braced in the stern, with his weight against the tiller, held the boat to its course.

In such tests as these, even the stoutest hearts falter. Young Adams was the first one to waver.

"When is he ever going to stop?" he complained. "There is no use in keeping on. We can't see which way to go in a snowstorm like this." The men all looked at Graham to see what he would do. But he gave no sign that he had heard. The sight of Graham standing calmly in the stern put Adams to shame and without another word he resumed his rowing. Suddenly there loomed up ahead the black shape of the tug.

"Oars!" called Graham, and manœuvering skillfully, he brought the lifeboat alongside of the tug. Climbing on deck he made his way aft to the cabin. "What tug is this?" he roared as he knocked on the cabin door. "What were you thinking of, trying to come in the harbor in a storm like this?"

"It is the tug Reliance from Bay City," came the response from within. "We were bringing Dr. Brown to Hillcrest."

—Norman Eckley
December '16

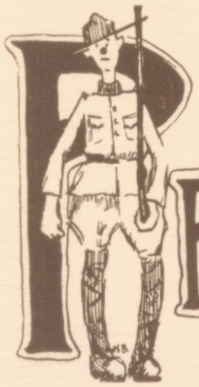
THE TREES

We are the trees of the forest. We stand serene
Waiting until our bondage shall be done.
Among our trunks, fettered in deep'ning gloom,
The white moth flits, safe from the burning sun.

From time eternal have we stood alone,
Mighty in our silence, while our tops,
Entwining far above the tainted earth,
Have learned heav'ns wisdom from the soft raindrops

That wordless reach our roots. The world of men
May live and bicker at our very feet. We care
Not for them, for our hearts are lifted up
To learn our God in the sun-scented air.

—Janet Brown,
June '18



PREPAREDNESS!

THE speaker's address on "Preparedness" before the A. H. S. Army ended thus:

"Alameda must be prepared! We hear constantly in military circles that Alameda is infested with spies! It is the duty of you boys to be on the lookout! YOURS must be that work!"

After that speech no stranger was safe in Alameda. He was stared at, questioned, and followed.

One day a young member of Company ——?, was on his way home to his beef tea, when he was passed by a foreign-looking individual carrying a round, ball-like package. He plainly showed that dire results would follow any carelessness in handling it. The patriotism in the cadet's fluttering heart was immense, having been inspired by the furtherest end of General Miles' musket. Stealthily, like a thief in the night, our hero followed the stranger, pausing only when the newspaper wrapped around the spherical object flapped apart, revealing a sure-enough bomb! Our hero thought of his mother and her cat, and a lump came into his throat. But his eyes flashed fire and he sped on, love of country and visions of a plaster of Paris cross augmenting his horrible desire to kill.

Forgetting that his leggings and buckskins hindered normal running, he soon was so close to the spy that he could hear the sizzle of the fuse in the bomb. Drawing his toad-stabber from his back pocket, the young Alamedan pounced upon the stranger, and the bomb rolled to the gutter. Cursing shockingly, the stranger punched the cadet in the nose, and with wild glances toward the bomb, rushed off in the direction of the North Pole. The cadet, his face illumined by the staunch patriotism of a Washington crossing the Estuary, did not falter. He stooped to the gutter. As by the stroke of a wand, the bomb became a humming mass and our hero a dilapidation of stinging flesh. A thousand bees swarmed around him, claiming him as a long lost cousin.

He is in bed still, occupying his time, so 'tis said, on an essay on "Military Training in the High School!"

—Paul St. Sure, June '19
and Russel Medcraft, Dec. '16

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

I WAS nearing one of the shops when out of a door hurried a young American woman, Mrs. Merton, whom I knew slightly. Looking up and down the street anxiously, she caught sight of me and said rather wildly as I bowed and would have passed on, "Oh, please, have you seen anything of Teddy?"

"Teddy!" I repeated in astonishment. "You-mean-your-er—."

"No, no!" she cried. "My sister's. That is the worst part of it; she would be wild if I should lose him! Oh, we must find him; we must!"

"Yes, yes, of course we'll find him," I assured her; and thereupon I began to look up and down the street.

"Do you think that he might have gone home?" I ventured, as there was no sign of Teddy anywhere along the street.

"Why, perhaps he has," she said, brightening. "He knows the way home, I think, as we live not far from here. But, would you—would you—mind, if, that is would it be too much trouble to ask you to come with me, so that in case we don't find him, you could notify the police or something?" she queried, distress written plainly on her face.

I assured her it would be no trouble at all and that I would gladly be of any assistance to her. As we walked along in the direction of her home, both alert for the little runaway, I asked her to tell me something about Teddy.

"Oh, he is such a darling!" she began enthusiastically. "He has the dearest curly brown hair and the brightest brown eyes in his cute little face. He's so good, and oh, he is too cute in a little red coat that Edith, my sister, made him! I know you'd love him; you couldn't help it."

"Indeed!" said I rather doubtfully, for I'm not passionately fond of youngsters. "How old did you say he is?" I interrogated.

"I don't think I said, did I?" she laughed. "But he has acquired the great age of three years."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I didn't realize he was as young as that. I should fancy you are alarmed about his being out on this thoroughfare alone;" and I hastened my steps, for I had visions of dashing horses or speeding motors crushing the life out of the poor little chap.

Mrs. Merton looked up at me as I said this, and seeing that I had now become really worried and anxious, her face paled and her voice quivered as she said, "You see, now, Mr. Pierman, how frightened I am. And I am so much more anxious because he isn't mine. He is everything to her. Oh, she will be wild—wild if anything should happen to him. Oh, dear me!"

I tried to calm her, and told her I felt sure we should find him safe and sound somewhere. But as we passed block after block, with no sign of him, my anxiety was not lessened. On the contrary, my companion was very quiet now, so quiet, in fact, that I looked down at her, and to my consternation I found she was struggling hard to keep the tears back. Now, a weeping woman always sets me on edge, for I never know what she is going to do next; and on this occasion it was the last straw, and I blurted out, "Please don't do that—don't you know, ah—can't you see that—, ah—oh that it won't be any use—that it won't do any good?"

"You s-stupid! I can't h-help it," she wailed. "S-suppose I should n-never see dear little T-Ted again—I d-don't know what my sister—." But the last was incoherent as she sobbed in her handkerchief, no doubt thinking me a most inhuman wretch. But I was provoked.

"Of all beastly situations!" I muttered, swinging my cane viciously in air, vowing never again to help a weeping American woman find a three year old Teddy; and I stalked ahead. But just then we were nearing a stately residence in South Park Row, when, surprised by a little cry of delight, I turned and saw my late companion flying thru the gate and up to the steps. There she stooped and gathered something into her arms.

"Did zee poor lil fellow come home all by his self, and didn't he get runned over at allie—well ducky boy——," came wafted on the air to my astonished ears.

"See, Mr. Pierman!" she called holding up her prize. "Here's Teddy!"

I gasped and nearly lost my balance, for in her arms, arrayed in a scarlet coat, was—a curly, brown, lap-dog!!

Pearl Nichols, '17

THE WANDERER'S ROAD

Shining and white in the light of the day,
Cutting the fields from the river away
Lies the wanderer's road.

Far, it gleams, in the sunset light,
'Til it turns a curve, and is out of sight,
Climbing the hills of brown.

Calling forever it twists along,
Singing always the same gay song
As it winds away from the town.

Who would learn of a far country
Where fair green hills slope down to a sea,
To a sea of turquoise blue;

Where white-sailed ships beach on the sands,
Bringing the treasures of foreign lands
Back, o'er the sea, to you?

"Those who would learn, come, follow me,
Leave your dull homes, and away with me,
For I'll call until you die."

So it sings as it runs away,
Nor ceases to call with the close of day,
And men harken to its cry.

Once you hark to it, always you wander,
Always follow, nor stop to ponder
What is the way of the road.

Shining and white in the light of day,
Cutting the fields from the river away,
This is the wanderer's road.

—Janet Brown, June '18

The Cripple

"OH MON DIEU! Pierre, I cannot let you go! Say thou wilt not leave me, Pierre. You may never return! Please, as you love me, don't go!"

"But, ma chere, our country needs me. She is in great danger. It is my duty to—"

"To kill men, bien? To see how many of the good God's men you can kill in one hour? So that's your duty—Bah!"

Somewhere in the distance a bugle was heard calling the men to leave. Pierre hastily picked up his gun, kissed Julie, and was gone. Julie remained motionless, then holding out her arms in the direction Pierre had taken, softly began calling his name, "Pierre, Pierre, forgive me, I did not know, I did not realize how brave you are, Pierre, to go out there to be shot at, as you will shoot at others. Oh Pierre, forgive me!" Slowly she sank to the floor, and cried herself into a stupor.

She was aroused sometime later by the sound of drums and the steady tramp of marching feet, among them her Pierre's. All unconsciously her tears ceased, dried by a sudden fire of Patriotism. Little Julie would scarcely have known it by any name, but its effect was instantaneous. The slight shoulders squared proudly as had her Pierre's, the soft chin set at a firm angle. Tramp, tramp—now they were passing, and a miracle! She did not see Pierre. Yet she felt no disappointment, for suddenly, each marching figure seemed as dear as her own lover's. Ah, les braves garcons! Dieu les garde! Tramp—tramp—tramp—the staccato sound died away in the distance.

Before Julie's eyes were spread the fields heavy with ripe grain. She and her neighbor women must bend to the task of harvest at early dawn—the soldiers of France must be fed.

Julie did not need to check the passing days by the calendar. Each one registered on her brain long hours of endurance in which must be accomplished tremendous physical tasks. Night would find her too weary to ease her throat of the sobs that choked her. Yet always in the midst of the heaviness burned that sturdy spark of courage, of faith, of loyalty.

As the year passed, letters from Pierre became fewer, finally stopped. Yet she had news of his regiment. Did not she share with the villagers the excitement of reading the bulletin-board hung daily on the door of the church of Our Lady of Sorrows?

To-day little Julie approached the church with a strange premonition tugging at her heart. She would see Pierre soon, perhaps even now the train was near that should bear him home. Just a glance for confirmation, not knowledge. It was so, mon Dieu! It was so.

Julie fled past the weeping, laughing crowd to fling herself at the foot of the quiet altar. Just for a moment did she kneel in an ecstacy of thanksgiving; then true to her feminine instincts, she flew home to make herself beautiful for her Pierre. Down from its hook came the gay fete gown; the little high-heeled shoes of which she was so proud were shaken from their wrappings. Now must the fine hair be combed and the snowy kerchief crossed about her white throat, and last, her rosary flung over her head. Her fingers trembled as, partly from long habit, and partly from the surging up of joy within her heart, Julie sank to her knees before the mirror. Though her fingers deftly told each bead and her lips moved in the familiar words, her eyes were fixed on an earthly vision—her own prettiness. The hardships of the year had but served to accent her developing maturity.

Pierre had left behind him a bud of France; returning he would find the rose. And Julie was glad, glad and proud of all she had to give him, him her gallant soldier lover.

From her open window there came to her ears sounds of rejoicing and, strangely mingled with it, a woman's broken sobbing. Julie noted the ringing clatter of two people walking in step, and the halting thump of a crutch. Oh—that was why the woman sobbed! Julie's hand caught at her throat. Suppose Pierre came to her crippled!

Just for an instant the spasm of fear laid hold of her, then she shook it off, and rose with the squaring of her shoulders that had become second nature. It was no matter how he came, Pierre was Pierre.

On the vine shaded porch Julie waited. It was not to be thought that they could have witness of their first meeting.

Down the street swinging with the old time nonchalance came Pierre. Now he turned in at the gate; now he was here. What ailed her, faithless one! that at the first sight of his face her heart turned cold, and she shrank under his kiss with something akin to hatred! Now that the first greetings were over, she must set before him a cup of the hot chocolate and the little cakes that he loved. "One moment, mon ami, while I prepare them for thee."

Into her spotless kitchen Julie turned as toward a sanctuary. That was not Pierre, that roistering, bold-eyed man who had just now claimed her kisses!

Where was the boy she loved, at once brave and gentle, the boy with the fine gaze meeting her own with tenderness and reverence?

Between the watching of the boiling chocolate and the setting out of the little cakes on a snowy napkin, Julie's mind followed strange paths. War, then, killed not only body, but spirit also? That the body of Pierre has returned was by no means to say that his spirit had returned with it. Then came to her the sudden conviction that the women who mourned dead bodies of sons, brothers, husbands and lovers, were not as desolate as she! Yes, death was sometimes kindly in its sentence. In upon her thoughts there broke Pierre's cheery whistle in the measures of an old song.

Faith came back to Julie in a flood. Pierre, her prince,—body and spirit were not dead, he was only crippled. Hers the task to win him back to old ways of wholesome living, and new avenues of usefulness. Now she must go back to him. With steady hands she poured the chocolate and passed out to the porch.

Pierre drank and ate greedily. There was something almost beast-like, yet infinitely pathetic in his action. And as Julie watched him, a new sentiment came to shadow the old affection and the new disappointment. It was the consolation of a maternal brooding and an unshakable conviction in her power to win him back to old ways. Her gaze wandered over the field, again ripe with grain. The harvest must be gathered; this time Pierre would work with her, perhaps but for a few days! Who knew when the bugle would sound that would summon him away again?

Tomorrow—and other tomorrows! Julie's faith shrank from contemplating them. Strange things lay in store for all France. Who was she that who should shrink from treading the wine-press of duty? "It is not for nothing that the good God hides the things of the future. For me, it is surely enough that I may trust in Him."

The sun set in red glory, shadows lengthened, the whippoorwill called through the gloaming; sleeping birds chirped last staccato notes.

The quiet became a benediction, a healing to the girl's sorely wounded heart. And as for Pierre, the peaceful scene so full of home and home-ties brooded over him with soft wings, waving him back to the old ways—Ah, that he might with honor remain!

And that desire marked the beginning of Pierre's regeneration.

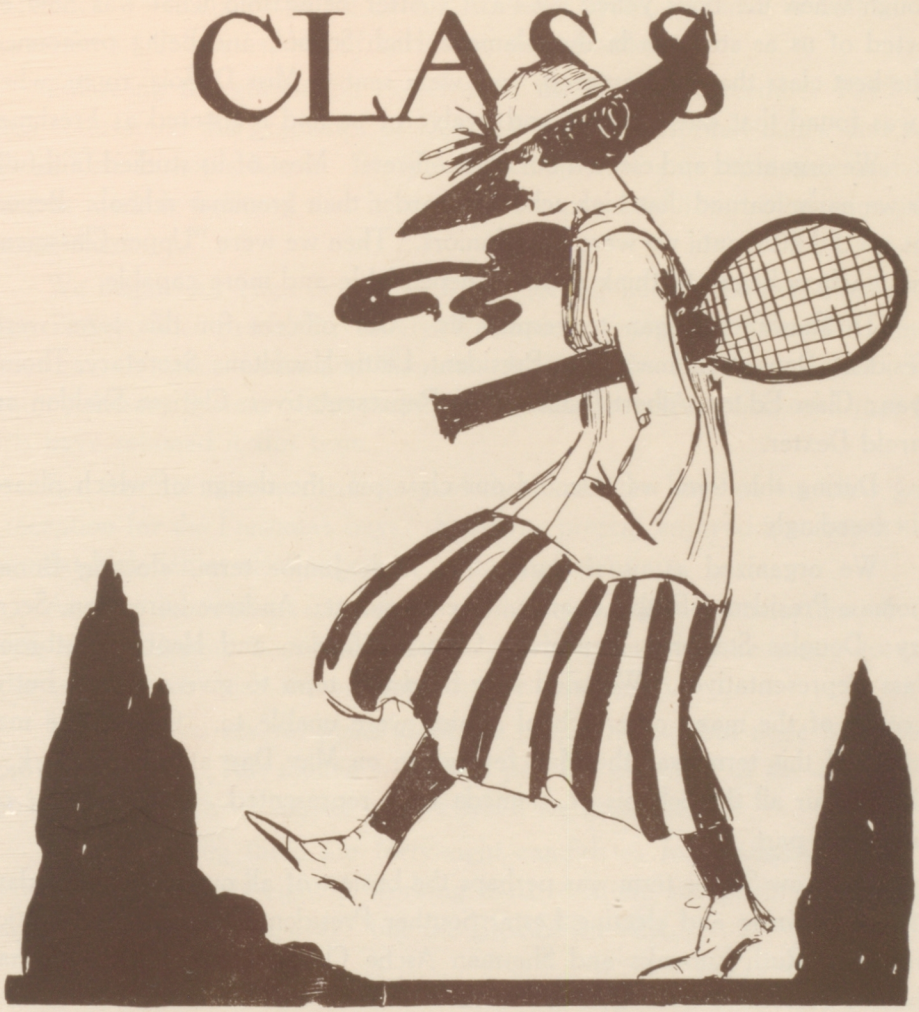
—Martha Hyde
June '17

Ambition

To still the pain that rends man's restless heart,
To kindle in his eyes the glorious light
That once glow'd there—I would t'were mine to start
The spirit in his breast that yearns for Art,
For Poetry's sweet sounds and sad delight,
For Music's subtle wonders of relief
From earthly things, from an eternal grief.
To ask what more of God has man the right;
Or, having it, what more is there to want?
But the whispering voice of Silence still shall haunt
Man always, 'til his now gain-blinded eyes
Shall see again the beauty of the skies,
Until within his veins he feels the flow
Of Genius! Ah, if only I could know
That he once more shall see the sparkling dews,
And in their beams the face of every Muse!
Then shall the soul resume its heritage,
And guide our youth to loved and honor'd age.

—Russel Medcraft
Dec. '16

HIGH SENIOR CLASS



History of the Class of June, 1916

IN AUGUST four years ago, we, the members of the present High Senior Class, entered the Alameda High School.

We had thought ourselves quite important when we graduated from grammar school, for there we had been the older boys and girls. But goodness! Didn't we feel small and insignificant when we, not marching to the time of the drum as we had expected, scrambled into the Study Hall and took seats where we would be less conspicuous! Weren't we thrilled though when the boys yelled "A-l-a"! After being told what was now expected of us as students in the Alameda High School, and being pronounced "the best class that ever entered," we were sent to Miss DuBois' room, where it was found that one hundred and twelve of us had registered as Freshmen.

We organized and elected our class officers. Most of us studied faithfully, for we early learned that high school is harder than grammar school. Beyond this we did little until we were Low Juniors. Then we were "Upper Classmen." The teachers began to think us more dependable and more capable.

Th Freshmen began to respect us. Our officers for this term were: President, Donald Thomas; Vice-President, Lottie Hamilton; Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Class Editor, Albert Dunn; Class Representatives, Clarisse Sheldon and Harold Dexter.

During this term we selected our class pin, the design of which pleased us exceedingly.

We organized as usual during the High Junior term, electing Donald Thomas, President; Ruth Eubanks, Vice-President; Andrew Lorentzen, Secretary; Douglas Stafford, Treasurer; Clarisse Sheldon and Henry Westbrook, Class Representatives. We tried very hard this term to give a dance, but on account of the many other school affairs, were unable to. One of the main events of this term was the May fete given on May Day at Lincoln Park, in which affair all the Schools of Alameda were represented. Many girls of our class took part.

Our Low Senior term was perhaps the busiest of all our high school days. After organizing and electing Lester Souther President, Marion Walden Vice-President, Ruth Eubanks and Sherman Asche Class Representatives, Donald Thomas Secretary, we began our work.

First of all, the girls of our class gave the regular Freshman reception to

the new girls. The chief number was a very entertaining little skit entitled "The Pride of Nations," in which many of the girls, dressed to represent Nations, sang, danced, or recited short pieces. Following this we immediately made plans for our Senior Play. We finally chose the comedy "Seven Sisters," which was played at Adelphian Hall on the night of October 15, 1915. The performance, managed by Stewart Maule and coached by Mr. Fred Carlyle, was considered a brilliant success. After paying all expenses we found that we had $109 to place in our class treasury.

At the beginning of this term the girls of our class with the girls of December '15 inaugurated the Senior Advisory System, similar to that at the University of California, but of necessity, on a smaller scale.

Following the graduation exercises of the Class of December 1915 our class entertained the graduates of Dec. '15 with an informal dance and supper at Elsie Bishop's home. Every one had such an enjoyable time that the class as a whole believed that it certainly compensated for the omission of a Junior dance.

We began our High Senior term by electing Lester Souther, President; Elsie Bishop, Vice-President; Henry Westbrook, Secretary; Donald Thomas, Treasurer; Virginia Gohn and Sherman Asche, Class Representatives. The Senior Advisory System of the previous term has proved so successful that the girls have retained it this term.

For the first time in the history of the school the boys of our class gave a reception for the Freshman boys. Everyone present enjoyed it so much that the next high Senior class expect to give a similar affair.

Another innovation started this term, to the great satisfaction of the boys, is the advisory board of senior boys who meet when necessary to consider suggestions which are presented by Dr. Thompson.

The class has several plans afoot for raising money but none have been approved as yet. This money will go to pay the expenses of the usual High Senior dance which we expect to give when we graduate.

At this writing there are forty-eight candidates for graduation, and as everyone of the forty-eight is working hard to attain the goal, we shall not only graduate the "best ever" but the BIGGEST EVER.

—Mildred Meyers

June '16

RUTH EUBANKS
VICE PRESIDENT A.S.A.H.S.

HAROLD DEXTER
PRESIDENT A.S.A.H.S.

DONALD THOMAS
SECRETARY

LESTER SOUTHER
PRESIDENT

ELSIE BISHOP
VICE-PRESIDENT

SHERMAN ASCHE
CLASS REPRESENTATIVE

VIRGINIA GOHN
CLASS REPRESENTATIVE

HENRY WESTBROOK
TREASURER

HENRY ADAMS
CLAIRE ANSEL
WILLIAM AUSLIN
MARIE BANGASSER
MARIE BATEMAN
JOCELYN BATES
WILLIAM BEAN
ESTHER ANDERSON

RAYMOND BROMMAGE

BERNICE BOARDMAN

HAROLD CUNEO

HELEN BRUTON

BEATRICE BRAUE

ROLAND CUNDALL

OLIVE BURWELL

HOWARD DICKENSON

ESTHER BRUTON
LESLIE DELAMATER
ALBERT DUNN
CONSTANCE GOODWIN
LOTTIE HAMILTON
FRANK ESTES
WILLIAM MANETTA
HAZEL KNIGHT

HELEN KNIGHT
STEWART MAULE
RUBY LINDBERG
RUSSEL MOULTHROP
GRACE O'CONNELL
MILDRED MEYERS
BERNARD ROSEN
MILDRED JOHANSEN

ELEANOR SHARPSTEIN
THOMAS RYAN
EMMA PAULSMIER
DOUGLAS STAFFORD
MARION WALDEN
MARGARET ROSE
ANDREW TOWNSEND
ALICE RYAN

CLASS HOROSCOPE

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Expression	Hobby	Besetting Sin	Appropriate Song	Ideal	Destiny
LESTER SOUTHER	"Red"	Militaristic	"Can you do those new steps?"	Issuing orders	Kidding Mr. Coan	"I Love the Ladies"	Capt. Magagnos	Corporal in the N. G.
ELSIE BISHOP	"Bish"	Nothing to rave about	(Not passed by the National Board of Censorship)	College chaps	Breezy Stories	"The Girl Who Wouldn't Spoon"	"Chief"	Reno
HENRY WESTBROOK	"Heine"	Tenantless	"All right, that's O. K."	Razzin' people	Casting sunshine into others' lives	"Rain Makes the Flowers Beautiful, Why Doesnt it Rain on Me"	Henry Westbrook	Nobody knows but we are hoping he'll get there
SHERMAN ASCHE	"Sherm"	Noble.	"Well I'll be darned"	Queening chaufeuresses	Bashfulness	"If no one loves me I still love myself"	Sherman Asche	Advertising man for Asche and Co.
VIRGINIA GOHN	"Ginger"	Amazonish	"Goodbye, thanks for ringing up"	Yonnie	Going to church?	"Tippicanoe"	One of the Heinze "57"	Postmistress at Pony
DONALD THOMAS	"D. T."	Stubby	"Oh, gosh,." etc. etc.	Taking last car from Alameda	Getting off at Morton street	"Variety is the Spice of Life"	John D.	Cabaret entertainer
RUTH EUBANKS	Rufus	Kittenish	"It makes me sick"	Editing	Sitting for her picture	"The Gay Pariesienne"	Ruth being editor wouldn't let it go in	Cloak and suit model
HAROLD DEXTER	'Hack"	Stately	"Gee what a jar-head"	Speeding in the electric	Kidding	"Hail to Our King"	Walter Johnson	President of U. S.
HENRY ADAMS	"Crumb"	So sweet	"What did you say her name was?"	Holding hands?	Talking to—	"So Long L—"	Victor Patrone	Teacher of folk dancing in A. H. S.
CLAIRE ANSEL	"Slim"	Short but sweet	"Oh shoot"	Taking history notes	Going to the nick on Sunday	"One kiss before we part"	Florence Nightingale	War nurse for the Germans

CLASS HOROSCOPE

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite	Hobby	Besetting Sin	Appropriate Song	Ideal	Destiny
WILLIAM AUSLEN	"Bill	So-So	"That's swell"	Rolling his eyes	Romantic literature	"I just can't make my eyes behave"	Any Broadway Star	Chorus man
ESTHER ANDERSON	"Doc"	Pugnacious	"Honorable judges, worthy opponents—"	Debating	Going to the Expo. with Leland	"Onward Christian Soldiers"	Billy Sunday	Choir mistress at San Leandro
JOCELYN BATES	"Tiny"	Important	"That's not the idea"	Jointly athletics and women	Circulating among the fair sex	"Maybe you Think my Feet are Big But you ought to See my Heart"	Brother Begoo	Mayor of Milpitas
MARIE BANGASSER	"Mary"	Chubby	"Did you get your shorthand?"	Talking	Laughing	"Take it Nice and Easy"	Sylvia Pankhurst	Court reporter
WILLIAM BEAN	"Bill"	String-y	"Whatte you mean?"	Cutting	Always kicking, even at footballs	"They Always Pick on Me"	Mr. Van Camp (the Bean King)	Spanish Athlete
MARIE BATEMAN	"Batey"	Angelic	"Fish'!"	Wearing a '13 class pin	Cleaning up the library	"Love Tales of Hoffman"	Lillian Russel	Fiction writer
BERNICE BOARDMAN	"B. B."	Perky	"Oh, no!"	Studying	Giggling	"I've Got My Muzzer's Big Blue Eyes"	Anna Held	Artist's model
RAYMOND BROMMAGE	"Ray"	Breezy	"You see, the combination of H_2SO_4x Zn gives etc—"	Riding his motorcycle into the basement at full speed	Mixing explosives in Chem. Lab.	"Un Peu de Amour'	Mr. Phelps	Blasting expert at Leona Heights
BEATRICE BRAUE	"Bee"	Elongated	"Please don't put anything awful in my horoscope"	Football	Rushing madly	"The Spaniard that Blighted my Life"	Gone but not forgotten	House Frau

CLASS HOROSCOPE

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Expression	Hobby	Besetting Sin	Appropriate Song	Ideal	Destiny
ESTHER BRUTON	"Ecky"	Shaggy	"Good night, Yonnie, look out for that dog"	Burning the midnight oil	Dogs	"My Hotentot Maid"	Harry Lauder	Sign Painter
OLIVE BURWELL	"Ollie"	Neat but not gaudy	"Are you going to turn out for basket ball?"	Writing basket ball challenges	Studying for physics	"Take me out to the ball game"	"Sharps"	Basket ball coach
HELEN BRUTON	"H—"	Purple and red	"Hellup, Hellup, I gollup"	Robert Chambering	Getting her feet tangled	"A dillor, a dollar, a **ten** o'clock scholar"	Mr. Daniels	Female tramp
HAROLD CUNEO	"Pinky"	Aristrocratic	Never says anything	Embroidery work	Crabbing	"Good night, ladies"	W. J. Bryan	Proprietor of shooting gallery
ROLAND CUNDALL	"Dutch Cleanser"	Swell	"Oh, shucks"	Taking a corner on two wheels	Running his Ford	"And the little Ford rambled right along"	Henry Flivver	Auto racer
LESLIE DELAMATER	"Chief"	Nifty	"Leave my bat alone"	Playing ball	Hitting home runs	"Down in Mexico"	Ty Cobb	Indian chief in circus
HOWARD DICKINSON	"Phony" "Dick" "Pansy" "Slim"	Majestic	"The dinky was late"	Working himself to death	Blushing	"Nobody loves a fat man"	Stafford	Head usher in the Hip.
ALBERT DUNN	"Al"	Sleepy but scholarly	"I am not prepared" (said slowly)	Tatting	Sleeping in Physics class	"Please go way and let me sleep"	Charlie Chaplin	Famous Physicist
FRANK ESTES	"State 'o Maine"	Sentimental	"May I have the next struggle?"	Scientific pool	Any manly sport: preferably ping-pong	"He's a Devil."	Nick Carter	Knight of the road
CONSTANCE GOODWIN	"Connie"	So long	"Say kid—"	Playing the ukelele to "Doug"	Flirting?	"Never, never Fall in Love"	Flora Finch	Suffragette leader

CLASS HOROSCOPE

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Expression	Hobby	Besetting Sin	Appropriate Song	Ideal	Destiny
LOTTIE HAMILTON	"Shrimp"	Short but cute	"—Oodles—"	Kidding Hack	Lecturing and advising the boys	"You Can't Expect Kisses from Me"	D. T. (the initials not the disease)	Mrs. President of the U. S.
WILLIAM MANETTA	"Bill"	Sawed off	"Get your experiment Stew?"	Studying history	Selling patent medicines	"Billy"	Hercules	Circus strong man
HAZEL KNIGHT	"Hay"	Independent	"Did you have a good time last night?"	Talking to "Fat"	Gossiping	"Give me a Fat Man Every Time"	"Fat"	Old maid
HELEN KNIGHT	'Noisy"	Studious	"What is a good book for history?"	Getting things finished before the rest	Talking too loud.	"Please go 'Way and let me Study"	Mr. Coan	Society belle
MILDRED JOHANSEN	"Pussy"	Pink and white	"Oh, I've got such a toothache"	Dancing	Primping	"Oh, You Beautiful Doll"	Julian Eltinge	School teacher
RUBY LINDBERG	"Rube"	Reckless	"It's a gay life, Oscar"	Mrs. Hallett	Pounding the keys	"This is the Life"	Luke McGluck	Secretary to K. C. B.
STEWART MAULE	"Stew"	Dignified	"Did you get that math?"	Taking pictures	Walking up Walnut St	"Love me and the World is Mine"	"Is"	Teacher of U. S. history
MILDRED MEYERS	"Bunny"	Microscopic	"I think you're awfully mean"	Speeding	Swiping grandma's sweater	"'Twas but a Faded Flower"	Barney Oldfield	Proprietress of a lunch counter
RUSSELL MOULTHROPE	"Russ"	Awkward	"Going to the Bean Feed?"	Dancing	Playing his cornet	"Waltz me Around Again Willie"	John Philip Sousa	Instructor of ball room dances

CLASS HOROSCOPE

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Expression	Hobby	Besetting Sin	Appropriate Song	Ideal	Destiny
GRACE O'CONNELL	"Giddy"	Mischievious	"Gosh this is hard"	Annoying Mr. Coan	Giggling	"What's the Use of Worrying?"	Sis Hopkins	Missionary
EMMA PAULSMEIER	"Emmy Lou"	Petite	"I don't know"	Riding with "Onnie"	Talking over the phone to C—	"I'll get You"	"Lucille"	Fashion model
BERNARD ROSEN	"Bunny"	Prosperous	"Where do you get that stuff?"	Star gazing	Making lucky guesses in history recitation	"Put me Among the Girls"	Mr. Coan	Henpecked hubby
MARGARET ROSE	"Rosey"	Tragic	"Oh, girls"	Playing basket ball	Cussing	"The Last Rose of Summer"	Carrie Nation	Exhibition dancer
THOMAS RYAN	"Orchid"	Get out of my way	"What do you think of it, fellows?'	Collecting flags	Carrying them	"We're on our Way to Mexico"	Color Sergeant	Call boy at Alameda nick
ALICE RYAN	"Mick"	Insignificant	"Sure, I got a 1 in journalism"	Writing naughty stories	Prompting in history	"The Daughter of Mother Machree"	Her journalism teacher	Proprietress of a matrimonial agency
ELEANOR SHARPSTEIN	"Nelly"	Svelte	"Did you get your French?"	Making eyes at Frank	That Turkish dance	"I am looking for a sweetheart and I think you'll do"	Gertrude Hoffman	Exponent of terpsichorean art
DOUGLAS STAFFORD	"Fat"	Portly	"Huh?"	Talking philosophy	Working hard problems on the slide rule	"The Curse of an Aching Heart"	Dickinson	Horse doctor
ANDREW TOWNSEND	'Andy"	Dainty	"Oh, Heavens"	Duck hunting	Cards	"Many Brave Hearts are Asleep on the Deep"	Capt. Cook	Cabin boy on the ocean liner
MARION WALDEN	"BI"	Frank	"Isn't it killing, kid?"	Going to Berkeley to dinner	Furnishing ash trays for him	"Beatrice Fairfax Tell Me What to Do"	? ?	Queen of the Surf Beach carnival

"Seven Sisters"

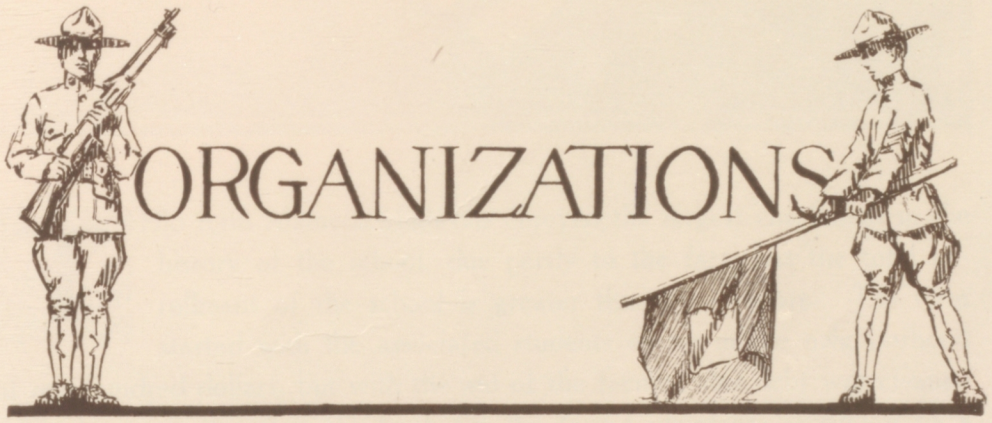
"SEVEN SISTERS," presented by the class of June '16 at Adelphian Hall, was one of the most successful performances in the history of the High School. The play, an interesting and amusing story, was interpreted by a cast well chosen by Miss DuBois and Mr. Carlyle, and under the competent coaching of Mr. Carlyle, each one in the cast did especially well in his respective part.

The enthusiasm shown by the cast, who had the true spirit, carrying the play through with a "go," and the co-operation given by our class made this play a success.

Great credit is due our most efficient manager, Stuart Maule, and his assistants, Lester Souther and Bernard Rosen, our coach Mr. Carlyle, Miss DuBois, also the High School Orchestra under the direction of Miss McDermott.

THE CAST:

MRS. GYURKOVICS, widow of an army officer.....RUTH EUBANKS
KATINKA, her oldest daughter.....ELSIE BISHOP
SARI, aged 22.....BEATRICE BRAUE
ELLA, pretty but stupid.....LOTTIE HAMILTON
MICI, bewitching and charming.....MARION WALDEN
TERKA, the fifth daughter.....VIRGINIA GOHN
LIZA, the sixth daughter.....CLARIE ANSEL
KLARA, the seventh daughter.....EUGENIA CLINCHARD
COUNT FERI HORKAY, Lieut. of Militia.....SHERMAN ASCHE
BARON RADVANYI, a Colonel of Hussars.....HENRY WESTBROOK
BARON GIDA RADVANYI, his nephew.....ALBERT DUNN
MISKA SANDORFFY, an M. P. and Lieut. of Militia.....ROLAND CUNDALL
TONI TELEKY, a young Prof. of Math.....LESTER SOUTHER
JANKS, a peasant.....DONALD THOMAS


ORGANIZATIONS

A.S.A.H.S.

HAROLD DEXTER
—PRESIDENT—

RUTH EUBANKS
—VICE-PRESIDENT—

ALBERT GILLILAND
—SECRETARY—

THIS term Alameda High has enjoyed the largest enrollment in the history of the school, due partly to the fact that the total enrollment of the school is greater than ever before. The term started with the associated students owing in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars, but with the aid of the faculty, this debt was cleaned up and money placed in the bank for the term's expenses, according to a budget carefully prepared by the A. H. S. Executive Committee. Various sandwich and candy sales were conducted by the different classes for the benefit of the student body. An exceptionally clever vaudeville show was given at Adelphian Hall on February twenty-fifth, the proceeds of which went into the school treasury. Some of the advisory classes made voluntary contributions to help defray the debt.

The student body has been very active along athletic lines. Alameda High turned out her first real basket ball teams this year, both for boys and girls. Baseball has been given its due support, with everyone working for a successful season. Let everyone get out and do his share in the support of school activities and we will not only have better results in the various activities, but a better school fellowship.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD OF THE A. H. S.

President.....Harold Dexter
Vice-President.....Ruth Eubanks
Secretary.....Albert Gilliland

DELEGATES AT LARGE

Edith Corde, Mildred Myers, Marion Walden, Irving Edinger, Foster Miles, Coltman Shepard

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Virginia Gohn, Phoebe Winslow, Elinor Malic, Ruth Jones, Dorothy Deardorf, Isabel Snyder, Annabel Wheaton, Jean Russell, Sherman Asche, William Cathcart, James Pitman, Harold Kahn, Tom Bacon, Newel Hart, Paul Lum, Henry Schneider

The "Star and Key" Society

THE "STAR AND KEY" SOCIETY has been very active this term, and has had a larger enrollment than ever before. After the society had organized for the term, the second meeting which was devoted to an entertainment and refreshments in the study hall, was attended by over one hundred members.

A Mock Trial, which was written and staged by the "Star and Key" assisted by City Attorney St. Sure and members of the High School Faculty, was one of the important and successful undertakings of the term. Through the influence of this society the Book Exchange has been re-established and is now systematically conducted. The Loan Fund, maintained for Alameda High School students attending the University, has been somewhat enlarged this term. To stimulate interest in supplying Acorn material two prizes were offered by the "Star and Key" for poems to be published in the Acorn. Janet Brown won the first prize; Russel Medcraft, the second. The society is now

considering ways of increasing the Loan Fund so that the interest instead of the principal may be drawn on.

Too much credit can not be given to the assistance of the Faculty Committee under the chairmanship of Miss Berg.

In March, twenty-five alumni of the organization met with the present officers at the home of Dr. Thompson for the purpose of forming a permanent alumni association. Among the matters suggested for the work of such an association were the conferring of the pins at commencement week, the organizing of branch societies in the other High Schools about the Bay, and the establishing of a scholarship fund.

Two weeks later a second meeting of the Alumni was held and a constitution and by-laws were adopted. This society, now organized as the "Alumni Association of the Star and Key of the Alameda High School," has started out enthusiastically to make itself a factor for the good of the High School. About fifty alumni have already joined for active membership.

There will be four regular meetings a year, on the third Wednesday of January, March, September, and November respectivly. The following have been elected to office for this year: President, Clarence Nobman; Vice-President, Adeline Toye; Corresponding Secretary, Bruce Farrington; Secretary-Treasurer, Mabel Baird. These officers with the five members elected at large, Agnes Moe, Zdenka Buben, Irving Cockroft, Donald Lum, William Nash, constitute the executive committee.

PERMANENT MEMBERS OF THE STAR AND KEY

POST GRADUATES

Margaret Calcutt
Irma Delius
Buford Fisher
Frances Preston

JUNE '16

Claire Ansel
Beatrice Braue
Ruth Eubanks
Lottie Hamilton
Ruby Lindberg
William Manetta
Mildred Meyers

JUNE '17

Gray Boyce
Augusta Buben
Ruth Carr
Bernice Christopher
Edna Hansen
Eugenia Hauch
Eleanor Malic
Mildred Maurer
Louise Mears
James Pitman
Helen Rounds
Robert Van Stan
Doris von Schoen

DECEMBER '16

Elizabeth Cockroft
Dora Duveneck
Norman Eckley
Marion Farrington
Bessie Goodman
Irene Jacobs
Phoebe Winslow

DECEMBER '17

Helen Anderson
Ruth Jones
Edith Meyers
George Rose

JUNE '18

Harold Almond
Janet Brown
Dorothy Deardorff
Adeline Getz
Helen Goldwaite
Ruth Jackson
Edith Nickerson
Norman Plummer
Olga Scheuremann
Reginald Vaughn

Military

MILITARY this term has been a great success both on account of the extreme interest of the students and the ability of the many officers who are doing their best to train the hundred and twenty-five recruits into well drilled soldiers.

Captain Magagnos of the National Guards has given up a great deal of his valuable time in helping Cadet Major Miles in his task.

The two companies drill on Monday in battalion formation with a band and signal corps, while on Wednesday and Friday each company drills separately.

On March the twenty-eighth, the company was officially inspected by Major Ryan of the United States Army, who was sent by Adjutant-General Thomas of Sacramento. Major Ryan expressed himself as being well pleased with the showing made by the A. H. S. Cadets. He recommended, however, that all should wear uniforms.

Unusual interest has been shown in debating this semester, not only by the members of the Debating Society, but also by the school in general. This enthusiasm is the result of the high standard in the speeches given by the members of the society, and is made evident by the attendance of at least one hundred and fifty pupils at each Thursday morning debate.

Special encouragement has been given the society this year by the announcement of a gift of debating medals. Mr. Jesse Robinson, a graduate of the Alameda High school, has offered a gold and a silver medal to be given each year for a period of ten years to the two best speakers of the school to be chosen by a series of three try-outs, both boys and girls to enter the complete series. For the final contest, which will be held during commencement week, an evening has been set aside to be called Medal Night, at which time the champion speakers will be chosen and the medals awardd.

The Debating Society takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Robinson and Mr. Smith for their efforts in the society's behalf.

Astronomy

"There is one glory of the sun,
And another glory of the moon,
And another glory of the stars,
For one star differeth from another star in glory."
Corinth. 15:41.

If we study the history of different races we find that even during their earliest and most primitive stages attempts were made to decipher the mysteries of the heavens. As early at 3800 B. C. the sky had been systematically watched by the Babylonians. Both the early Egyptians and Babylonians observed the sun, moon, and stars that they might know the proper time to reap and sow, and also that the stars might be duly worshipped.

Today we observe the stars not that they may be worshipped, but to gain a better understanding of the universe upon which we live. Astronomy is a science which still has a practically limitless field for observation and study.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Alameda High School is not adequately equipped for astronomical work, its only instrument being a two inch refracting telescope, a dozen students have met every Thursday evening since the first of February, seriously to study the heavens. An astronomy club has been formed and the following officers elected:

Director.....Miss Hewett
President.....Esther Anderson
Vice President.....Emily Laloge
Secretary.....Homer Kemble

Mathematical computations which do not require the use of elaborate instruments or previous knowledge of higher mathematics have been made by the students. No credit has been given for work in astronomy this term and students have not been urged to join the club. This method has proved very satisfactory, since those who have attended the meetings have come because of interest in the work and not to earn credit. A number of members intend to enter the University and are planning to continue the study of astronomy there. During the term astronomical observations at the High School have been supplemented by trips to the University of California Observatory and the new Oakland Observatory.

Miss Hewett, as director of the club, has given most generously of her valuable time, and her interest and assistance have been greatly appreciated by the young astronomers. The past term's work has been most enjoyable and profitable for the Astronomy Club.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Violins, 1st.—
R. Buben
J. Walters
K. MacKenzie
G. Nordlund

Flutes—
W. Toye
E. Brown

Violins, 2nd.—
J. Levy
E. Laloge
R. Eubanks
A. Norden
L. Rundstrom

Trombone—
H. Almond

Cornets—
W. Cramer, 1st.
R. Moulthrop, 2nd.

Piano—
F. Daniels

Drums—
F. Miles

The Glee Club

The Alameda High School Glee Club, which consists of thirty girls under the direction of Miss McDermott, has participated in various musical programs during the term. The most recent of these was given on the evening of February seventh when the Glee Club rendered two delightful numbers at the Benefit for the California Girls' Training Home.

Nor is the future lacking in activities for this industrious club. On May the twelfth the girls participated in the Glee Club Concert given at the Haight School Auditorium under the direction of Miss McDermott, supervisor of music in the Alameda schools. This affair was a success and a large audience was present.

After some discussion of the matter, the girls of the Glee Club consented to become angels for a period of about one half hour at the Shakespearean Festival given at the Greek Theatre on April fifteenth. The Glee Club sang "Glory To God In the Highest," a song of the eighteenth century written by Pergolesi.

The girls meet regularly to work faithfully and steadily with their music, and under the skillful training of Miss McDermott they will, no doubt, attain success.

The Glee Club consists of the following members:

First Sopranos—Erla Cooley, Maude Nagel, Henrietta Hodges, Margaret Cunningham, Edith Stidsten, Helen Murray, Elizabeth Cockroft, Ruth Hendrickson, Georgette Szoke, Alice Moran, Dorothy Paulsen, Annette Haskins, Maude Nickerson, Maxine Russell.

Second Sopranos—Eugenia Hauch, Esther Williams, Edith Nickerson, Annette Faulkner, Pearl Nichols, Phyllis Edgel, Margaret Hyde, Irma Gutsch.

Altos—Martha Hyde, Irene Jacobs, Louise Walden, Virginia Didier, Regina Knudsen, Winifred Adyellote, Olga Scheurmann.

Ukulele Club

The Ukulele Club of Room Twelve, which has been in evidence for the past year, organized again this term, electing Bernice Pellow, President and Edna Littlejohn Manager. The members of the club are Eva Pellow, Hermione Rohr, Alice Moran, Virginia Vargas, Maybelle Bangs, Helen Daniels, Bernice Pellow, and Edna Littlejohn. The girls have spent a great deal of time in practicing this term, and have been asked to play at a number of affairs, including the "Star and Key" entertainment and the Freshman Jinx.

Owing to the fact that Bernice Pellow is no longer attending High School, a special meeting was held to elect a new president, Hermione Rohr being unanimously elected.

A. H. S. BAND

The Bean Feeds

The Bean Feeds at the Y. M. C. A. have been fairly well attended this term, there being an average attendance of thirty on Thursday nights. The distinguishing feature of this year's Feeds has been the "pep" shown by the Wednesday night group, the fellows under sixteen. Heretofore, the average attendance on Wednesday night was four, but this year the average attendance has been fifteen.

The chief purpose of the Bean Feeds is to draw the fellows to the discussion group, which is under the leadership of Mr. Caldwell. At these meetings the boys have been favored by talks from Doctor Thompson, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Smith, Mr. Coan, Doctor Pomeroy, and University of California and Stanford students, among them Olaf Schneider of U. C.

The meals consist of beans, sinkers, grass (slaw), buns, chocolate and cake, and are enlivened by the school yells. After the discussion groups, the "beaneaters" enjoy the privileges of the swimming tank, showers, pool room, bowling alley, and boys' games rooms.

The school spirit of A. H. S. was shown on February the twenty-fourth when over sitxy fellows turned out, a larger showing than that of Oakland High, Fremont, or Oakland Tech. Mr. Chourre took the A. H. S. Band over on this occasion. They played a number of selections and made a big hit with the "beaneaters." The "Big Four" quartette also contributed several numbers.

The officers for the Senior and Junior groups are as follows: President, Buford Fisher; Vice-President, Will Gill; Secretary, Edric Brown; Assistant Secretary, James Pitman; Yell Leaders, William Vaughn and Neal Stebbins. The officials for the Freshman and Sophomores are as follows: President, Ferdinand Scheuch; Vice-President, Roy Schmidt; Secretary, George Burkhart.

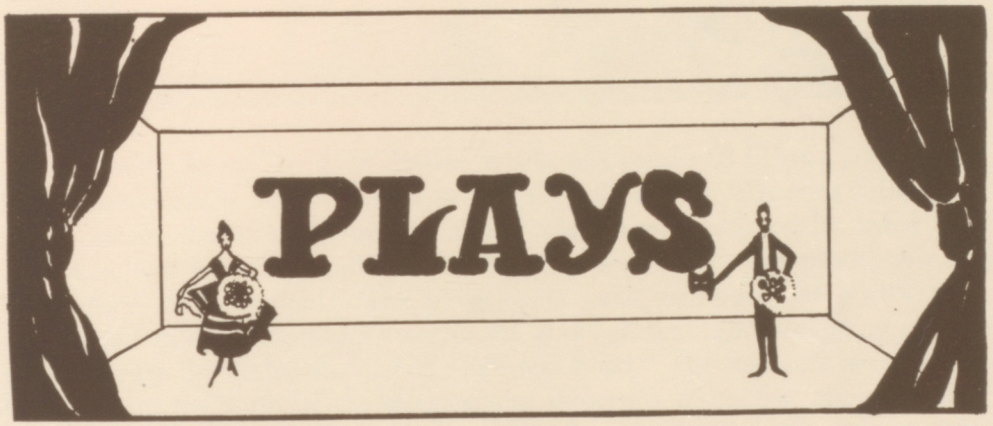
THE BANK

The Alameda High School Savings System, organized April 22, 1914 by Mr. Paul L. Evans, is without doubt the most successful bank of its kind.

That the work of this bank, which is handled by High School students exclusively, is in remarkably good shape is evidenced by the accurate and neat work done by the cashiers, R. Altona and Tom Ryan, and their assistants, Miles, Almond, Stulz, Rose, and Noy.

The true success of the bank is due to the latent qualities brought out by the responsibility placed upon them.

Total deposits Alameda Savings Bank	$3445.99
Total deposits Citizens Savings Bank	3017.28
Total balance May 12, 1916	$6463.27
Total number open accounts May 12, 1916	1815


PLAYS

"Quality Street"

"Quality Street" by J. M. Barrie, which was produced February eleventh by the present Low Senior class, may be called a superlative success. Besides being one of the most thoroughly artistic plays ever produced by the High School, it was financially more successful than any other class production in the history of the school. The participants gave well-balanced portrayals, the characters were charmingly costumed, a delightfully appropriate program was given by the orchestra, and the hall was filled. The audience was quick to enter into the spirit of the evening and showed a distinctive appreciation, rewarding with silent response the histrionic efforts in the serious passages and laughing whole-heartedly at the comedy touches.

THE CAST

VALENTINE BROWN.....RUSSEL MEDCRAFT
ENSIGN BLADES.....ALBERT GILLILAND
A GALLANT.....FELIX MEHAN
LIEUT. SPICER.....WILLIAM VAUGHN
RECRUITING SERGEANT.....RUDOLPH BUBEN
PHOEBE THROSSEL.....ELIZABETH COCKROFT
SUSAN THROSSEL.....HELEN SANFORD
MISS WILLOUGHLY.....MIGNON HENRICI
FANNY WILLOUGHLY.....ALMA HALCROW
HENRIETTA.....LEONA FLECKENSTEIN
CHARLOTTE.....EDITH CORDE
PATTY.....BESSIE GOODMAN
HARRIET.....IRENE JACOBS
OLD SOLDIER.....WILLIAM CATHCART
MASTER ARTHUR TOMSON.....ANNABEL WHEATON

Assisted by members "Junior Dramatic Club," Elen Medcraft, Kathleen Haslett, Elinor Haight, Elizabeth Pattiani, Marion Greenlee and Ruth Jenkins.

Shakespeare Festival

Thousands of interested spectators from many Bay Cities witnessed the delightful pageant given on Saturday afternoon, April fifteenth, at the Greek Theatre, in honor of the three-hundreth anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare, greatest of all English dramatists.

Six of the High Schools about the Bay had been invited to contribute to the pageant by presenting scenes from some of the Shakespearean Plays. Among the six was Alameda High School, which instead of giving a Shakespearean Play, was finally allowed after much persuasion to present an old English Miracle Play entitled "Secunda Pastorum." This play is taken from the Townley Cycle of Miracle Plays. Besides adding variety to the program, it showed the remarkable advance the drama has made since early times.

The play opened with a market scene where many "Apple Girls" were walking about selling fruit. At the same time milkmaids and shepherdesses appeared and performed a dainty, old-fashioned little dance. This was followed by the entrance of members of the aristocracy. One could almost believe them to be true aristocrats, their manners were so perfect and their dress so splendid. Then entered yeomen, a true "Robin Hood" band, and with their quarter-staves, they executed a very skillful drill. Next on the scene came a traveling theatrical troop. The actors already on the stage moved to the side and now became the audience for a most remarkable little shepherd play. In this the following took part:

Foster Miles—as Mark, a sheep thief.

Bertram Castor—as Gil, his wife.

Sherman Asche, Elbert Borchert, Albert Gilliland, Lester Souther and Herbert MacLae—as five shepherds.

The principal episodes of "Secunda Pastorum," are the sleeping shepherds, Mark's cleverness in purloining sleep, Gil's craftiness in concealing the stolen sheep in her child's cradle, the awakening of the shepherds, the finding of the stolen sheep, and finally the singing of the Angels heralding Christ's birth.

Mr. Agard deserves especial mention here; for to him belongs great credit for the tout ensemble,—for arranging, staging, coaching the act as a whole. He selected costumes most carefully to give a desired color effect, even directing largely the designing of costumes. He had able assistants in Miss McDermott, who directed the singing of the Angels and the dancing of the shepherdesses; Miss Blacow, who directed the making of the costumes; Mr. Rittler, who drilled the quarter-staff group.

All in all, the performance was one of the most ambitious and artistically successful affairs staged in the Greek Theatre.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

ATHLETICS

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball has come to life in Alameda within the last two years, and a team has been entered in the A. C. A. L.

The inter-class league ended with Mr. Evan's room being declared the champions, as they had not lost a game. Pricket and Brown from Evan's, Estes and Townsend from Carpenter's, De La Mater and Smith from Minium's, and Bishop from Daniel's formed the team.

It took a long time for our team to get started, but when they did they put up a fight which nearly won from Oakland Tech. and did beat Oakland Vocational.

BASEBALL

With basket ball over, all the athletic minds of the school were turned to baseball, and when Captain Edinger called for the first turnout a promising bunch of athletes appeared.

Dexter, De La Mater, Caya, and Benedickson composed the veterans; and of the other material "Tack" Bruzzone, Ray Brown, Ady Chase, Joe Kaney, "Mick" Mulvany, Bert Goodwin, George Prickett, and Bill Cathcart looked the most promising and developed into the team that started in the league games.

The team ran through the practice games like champions, only losing two games. However, when the league was started, they plainly showed lack of knowledge of inside baseball. Otto Rittler is a very competent coach, but he hasn't the time to spend on the team, as the grammar schools, the girls, and official duties keep him busy enough without a basketball team to handle.

Nevertheless, most of the fellows are natural baseball players, and let us hope that their ability will carry them through the remaining league games successfully as it has so far.

The success, to date of the team, is as follows:

Alameda High 7, Cogswell 0; Alameda High 10, Lick 0; Alameda High 4, S. F. Poly. 5; Alameda High 3, U. C. Frosh 4; Alameda High 3, San Jose 2; Alameda High 14, U. S. S. Albatros 5; Alameda High 10, S. F. Poly 1; Alameda High 22, Oakland Voc. 2; Alameda High 2, Oakland Tech. 3; Alameda High 5, Oakland 1.

BASEBALL

February 12
ALAMEDA 7—COGSWELL 0

Alameda's hopes started the season at McKinley Park by trimming Cogswell in a very lop-sided game.

The scoring started in the second inning when Kaney tripled and "Chief" De La Mater brought him in. Brown and Kaney starred at the bat while Dexter showed the best form in pitching.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
C. P. C.	0	5	4
A. H. S.	7	6	2

Batteries—A. H. S.: Dexter, Goodwin, Mulvany and Kaney; C. P. C.: Mandish and Eschen.

February 16
ALAMEDA 10—LICK 0

Lick failed to score, making it two games in which Alameda had not been scored against.

"Bert" Goodwin went the full nine innings in great style, only allowing one hit and striking out fourteen of Lick's hopefuls.

The big bombardment came in the sixth inning when Bruzzone singled and was doubled out when Brown grounded to short. Kaney and Goodwin walked, and Kaney scored on De La Mater's single. Dexter then singled, bringing in Goodwin and De La Mater. Mulvany singled, scoring Dexter; and Prickett was out, ending the inning.

De La Mater starred at the bat, driving in two runs and getting a three bagger.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
Lick	0	1	1
A. H. S.	10	8	2

Batteries—Lick: Malliot and Young; A. H. S.: Goodwin and Kaney.

March 8
ALAMEDA 15—LICK 1

Again Lick could not stand before the onslaught of Alameda's batters and received a beating that they will long remember

The game was slow and so one-sided that it became uninteresting. Ray Brown starred, polling out four hits, all of which were god for extra bases.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
Lick	1	2	9
A. H. S.	15	12	1

Batteries—Lick: Harrington, Goldstone and C. Garat; A. H. S.: Dexter and Kaney.

March 11

ALAMEDA 4—S. F. POLY. 5

In one of the best played games ever seen in High School circles Alameda lost, due to errors at critical times.

"Mick" Mulvany pitched the game of his young life, only allowing seven hits in eleven innings. The game was fought hard from start to finish, and Poly. only came out on top because they got the breaks of the game.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
S. F. Poly.	5	7	2
A. H. S.	4	8	3

Batteries—S. F. Poly.: Lorrigan, Long and Delany; A. H. S.: Mulvany and Kaney.

March 13

ALAMEDA 3—U. C. "FROSH" 4

Due to the efforts of Glen Hart, a former student of the A. H. S., the U. C. "Frosh" annexed a victory over Alameda.

"Bert" Goodwin pitched a wonderful game, striking out six men with only one earned run being scored against him.

"Lezlie" De La Mater starred at the batting, knocking out three safe blows.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
A. H. S.	3	8	4
U. C. "Frosh"	4	10	1

Batteries—Alameda: Goodwin and Kaney; Freshmen: McAllister, Hill and Moses.

March 15

ALAMEDA 10—S. F. POLY. 1

On March 15, Alameda avenged the defeat of two weeks before when in the first inning they scored enough runs to win. Bruzzone singled, Edinger got on through error, and Brown singled, scoring Bruzzone; Kaney flew out but Goodwin and De La Mater singled in succession, and when Prickett hit to short stop an error brought both Goodwin and De La Mater in. Prickett was out stealing.

This made five runs, and with this lead Dexter pitched a tight ball and the run that was made was not his fault.

Goodwin and Dexter did the heavy hitting, Goodwin getting three long singles while "Hack" knocked out a homer which hit the center field fence.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
A. H. S.	10	12	2
S. F. P.	1	2	5

Batteries—A. H. S.: Dexter and Kaney; S. F. P.: Long and Delany.

March 25

ALAMEDA 3—SAN JOSE 2

In one of the hardest fought games of the season Alameda nosed out San Jose at Lincoln Park on March 25. San Jose scored one run in the first and Alameda managed to even it up in their half of the inning. Also Alameda scored one in the sixth and one in the seventh. Dexter had a world of stuff on the ball and held the visitors tight until the ninth inning when Paul, for San Jose, tripled and scored on an infield error, but that was as near to winning as San Jose ever got.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
S. J. H. S.	2	6	5
A. H. S.	3	9	3

Batteries—San Jose: Phillips and Lamb; Alameda: Dexter and Kaney.

April 3

ALAMEDA 20—VOCATIONAL 2

Alameda handed Vocational one of the worst beatings that has ever been known in the history of the A. C. A. L. Everyone had on their batting togs and the team managed to score ten runs in the first two innings.

"Mick" Mulvany had his curve ball breaking right, and for six innings the Vocational batters could not even see the ball, let alone hit it.

Captain Edinger, Bruzzone, and Kaney did the heavy hitting, driving in ten runs between them.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
Vocational	2	2	13
A. H. S.	20	12	2

Batteries—Vocational: Scannel, Young, Locke; Alameda: Mulvany and Kaney.

April 5

ALAMEDA 4—POLY. ENGINEERING COLLEGE 1

In a practice game on April 5, at Lincoln Park, Alameda won handily over Oakland Poly. Engineering College, due to their ability to hit in the pinches.

"Gun Boat" Moore did the twirling and showed that he was there under fire, only allowing two hits.

Dexter did the heavy slugging, polling three long hits in as many times at bat.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
O. P. C. E.	1	2	3
A. H. S.	4	6	2

Batteries—O. P. C. E.: Parker and Yatchman; A. H. S.: Moore, Dexter, and Latham.

April 7

ALAMEDA 2—OAKLAND TECH. 3

Due to infield errors, Alameda lost its first league game on April 8 at Lincoln Park. It was a tough game to lose, for the reason that if the breaks had been with us we would have won.

"Bert" Goodwin started for Alameda but was not given any support, and in the first inning Tech. scored two runs. Dexter replaced him and would not have been scored aginst if it had not been for infield errors.

Tech. was badly scared in the ninth inning when Bruzzone, the first man up, doubled to left. Chase, a pinch hitter, advanced him to third and he scored on De La Mater's single to right but "Chief" was caught off second and all was over.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
O. T. S.	3	8	6
A. H. S.	2	7	7

Batteries—Oakland Tech.: Small and Lindgren; A. H. S.—Goodwin, Dexter and Kaney.

April 8

ALAMEDA 5—FREMONT 1

The heavy hitting of Bert Goodwin was instrumental in winning a league game from Fremont "Hi." Bert poled two long hits in the pinches and scored one run himself. "Hack" Dexter pitched his usual heady game, only allowing two hits. George Prickett was the fielding sensation, pulling down two certain hits and working an unassisted double play.

The first inning was started when Caya walked, Edinger procured a life on an error, Dexter fanned, but Goodwin was there in the pinch, driving in Caya. Edinger and Goodwin then scored on Kaney's double, and Kaney scored on Bruzzone's double.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
Fremont	1	2	5
Alameda	5	5	3

Batteries—Fremont: Waland, Arlett and Brennan; Alameda: Dexter and Kaney.

April 11

ALAMEDA 5—OAKLAND 2

If Alameda didn't win the A. C. A. L. it wasn't "Hack" Dexter's fault, for on April 10 he again pitched his team to victory. Dexter has been going like a big leaguer this season and he hasn't lost a game.

For seven long innings Oakland was held hitless, Dexter having struck

out eight men. The ninth inning started off badly when Oakland started hitting, but two runs was the best that they could do.

Alameda tallied one in the first inning, two in the second, and two in the fifth, due greatly to the efforts of Captain Edinger and Kaney.

A. H. S.	5	6	4
O. H. S.	2	4	6

Batteries—Alameda: Dexter and Kaney; Oakland: Ellison and Thompson.

April 24

ALAMEDA 15—BERKELEY 4

Every man on the team got a hit except Caya, and he got two walks. Joe Kaney did the heavy slugging, knocking out two doubles and two singles in six times at bat. "Tack" Bruzzone tried to knock the cover off the ball when in the third inning he knocked a home run with the bases full.

The team was playing ball hard even until the ninth when Brown singled and Prickett got on through a fielder's choice, and then Cathcart drove Brown over. Edinger fanned, but Dexter walked, and Goodwin filled the bags on another fielder's choice; then Kaney strode to the plate and picked out the first pitched ball and drove a two-bagger, clearing the bases.

Dexter always had the Berkeleyites well in hand, and if it had not been for Prickett's errors, no scores would have been made.

Alameda	15	14	9
Berkeley	4	6	6

Batteries—A. H. S.: Dexter and Kaney; B. H. S.: McCord, Pahngren and Pahngren, Bertallan.

SWIMMING MEET

On the evening of March 31 at Piedmont Baths, the first swimming team in the history of Alameda High competed in the North Coast Section Meet of the California Interscholastic Federation. That our initial effort was also a successful one is borne out by the results, as the points scored were:

Berkeley	42
Alameda	21
Hitchcock	13
Lick	9
Oakland Tech.	2

Felix Mehan was the only Alamedan to win a first place, as he took the breast stroke handily. As a consequence he was awarded a block "A," the first block letter to be given in athletics in four years in this High School.

Andy Townsend lost the closest race of the meet when he was noised

out by Peterson of Berkeley in the final lap of the 440 yard event. The result was a matter of inches, the judges having a hard time deciding the winner.

Captain Henry Schmidt was not in his best form as he placed second in the fifty yard and took third in the hundred. Schmidt's best race was in the relay, in which he swam the last lap and overcame a five yard lead, taking second.

Harry Moore and Geo. Figg started out well in the backstroke, but Figg "blew" with about a lap to go and Moore took second.

Ray Brown and Earl Caya were two point winners, Brown placing in the 220 while Caya got fourth in the diving event.

When the A. C. A. L. Swimming Meet is held Alameda's Swimming Team is bound to figure more prominently than ever before. It looks as though this is merely the beginning of an interest which will eventually bring first places.

The personnel of the team is: Henry Schmidt, Captain; Cyril Leech, Manager; Ray Brown, Irving Edinger, William Jacobs, Clark Gill, Earl Caya, Andrew Townsend, Harry Moore, George Figg, Felix Mehan, Jocelyn Bates.

TRACK

For the last four years track has been dead in Alameda "Hi." What is it, a lack of spirit or is it a lack of fondness for the sport? Last season, due to the efforts of Otto Rittler, an inter-class meet was staged which was won by Mr. Agard's room. Another one of these meets is to be run off after vacation, and it is sincerely hoped that with the addition of new blood, namely Watts, who became famous by winning the 100-yard dash in the Exposition meet, there will be something done. There is natural talent in school, and so,—here is hoping that a revival will take place.

FOOTBALL.

The football prospects for 1910 are very bright. Although there are only four veterans left, we have an excellent second team to pick from. With the able coaching of Otto Rittler, and spring practice rounding the fellows into form, Alameda should put a strong team on the field in the race for the championship honors.

George Latham, Capt. 1916-17

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

More girls are turning out for athletics this term than in any previous semester. This fact shows that they not only enjoy the work but also find it very beneficial physically and mentally. Several of the girls have taken such an interest in the work that they have decided to take it up upon their graduation from college. Two are already doing athletic work in the playgrounds of Alameda. Olive Burwell and Hattie Miller are the successful ones to begin such work outside of school.

Every Monday and Thursday there is athletic work in the yard. This includes calisthenics, drills, basketball, indoor baseball, volley ball, and dodge ball, all of which are supervised by Mr. Rittler. Although the yard is not very pleasant to work in, owing to the dust and sand, the girls have shown good spirit, and this spirit will certainly increase when we obtain our promised gymnasium.

Among the drills taught by Mr. Rittler the most popular among the girls is the Wand Drill. This drill has often been given in the yard and has attracted many a passer-by. It was also given by eight girls at an athletic benefit at the Adelphian Hall and by sixteen girls at the Oakland Auditorium, where it was said that the Alameda girls made a splendid showing. This drill was again given at the May Day Festival in Lincoln Park. Following this drill the girls basketball team gave an exhibition of the game, playing against another team. The Alameda High School was well represnted by the girls at the Festival.

Swimming has not yet begun because of the cold weather, but will probably begin the end of April. Many girls have signed up for this sport and they will try to develop a good swimming team.

No credit has been given this term for Tennis because of the lack of supervision of the sport. Nevertheless some of the girls have continued to play for the physical benefit. They have received a challenge for a series of games from Girls High School of San Francisco and will probably accept the challenge and try to defeat their opponents.

On the whole the Alameda High School is well represented by the girls in all forms of athletic sports.

ROWING

Rowing occupies a prominent place among girls' athletics in our High School. Twice every week the girls turn out and go to the Municipal Boat House on Lake Merritt for their regular practice. The whale boats used were procured from the government. These boats seat fourteen rowers and carry several passengers besides.

On April first the Alameda crew took part in a regatta on the lake, and was said to be the best looking crew. The School Board prohibits all racing on the part of the Alameda crew, thinking that it is not physically beneficial. This is a great handicap, but the girls have displayed the proper spirit, and made a good showing in the flotilla drill in the recent regatta.

The next event of importance is the Shakespeare Pageant given on Lake Merritt by the Recreation Department of Oakland on April 29th. The Alameda crew with fifteen others acted as escorts to the barge of Queen Elizabeth and her court. The boats were decorated with garlands and banners according to the style of the Elizabethan period.

The members of the crew are as follows:

Starboard—Phoebe Winslow (Captain), Amy Tuggy, Alberta Wilson, Maybelle Bangs, Paloma Walters, Mary Verderber.

Port—Gladys Moss, Leona Fleckenstein, Dorothy Ludovici, Edna Littlejohn, Miriam Cadle, Anna Hansen.

Coxswain—Stella Schliewinsky.

Pilot—Margaret Cunningham.

The substitutes are Olive Burwell, Viola Redding, and Viola Spence.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The best spirit shown in this High School in recent years has been evident this term in basketball. Twenty girls have been turning out regularly; and out of the twenty, Coach Mr. Rittler succeeded in developing two teams, a first and a second team.

The first team played against Fremont High, Miss Ransome's School, Miss Merriman's School, Girls High, and San Rafael High School. We were successful in our competitions with Miss Ransome's, defeating them by a score of 17 to 12, and with Miss Merriman's, by a score of 39 to 5. The second team also played Miss Merriman's, but were not as successful, losing by the narrow margin of 12 to 15.

Under the steady encouragement of Miss Connelly and the excellent coaching of Mr. Rittler we hope, by persistent effort, to develop in the near future a team that will bring every victory to the Alameda High School.

The members of the first team are: Hattie Miller, captain; Olive Burwell, manager; Ethel Musgrave, vice-captain; Alice Teague, Edith Risso, Ruth Crane, Susie Stagnaro, Ruby Rodell, and Alfreda Georgeson.

The second team consists of Edith Nickerson, Maude Nickerson, Captain; Grace White, Eva Pellow, Marie Charlot, Elizabeth Garett, Marie Junca, Adabelle Sutton, and Elvera Johnson.

The substitutes are Katherine Kirkpatrick, Ruth Beldon, and Francis Hitchcock.

SCHOOL NOTES

January 3.—Court convened at 9:00 A. M. Judge Thompson, after hearing all the evidence, sentences all present to six months' at hard labor. Hearing a Rohr, he gives Hermione "Three years!"

January 4.—The Book Exchange forces into bankrupcty the firm of Westbrook, Latham & Co.

January 6.—"Pot" Baker is back—but he's not the same. Six subjects instead of the old Indian.

January 7.—"Bish" is mobbed for wearing a hat.

January 10.—High School is much overcrowded, "Fat" Stafford has returned.

January 11.—Jno. Tibbitts is handsomer than ever in his military uniform. Beware, innocent damsels; he is so captivating!

January 13.—Elsie Bishop "swipes" Dennison's "Prince Albert" in Spanish. Miss Venard is scandalized.

January 17.—Sally Robbins captures a Villa spy, one Victor Patrone. As punishment she rides him along Central avenue.

January 18.—Dr. Carpenter presents medals to swimming team at Student Body meeting.

January 19.—T. Ryan is pinched for speeding on sidewalk while trying to keep up with Searing's rapid strides.

January 21.—"Eagle Beak" Montgomery organizes a 50-lb. basket ball team.

January 24.—Irma Delius finds that HNO_3 is all that Mr. Minium claims it to be.

February 1.—Senior girls give Freshmen girls a good time in Miss Hewett's room after school.

February 3.—Our semiannual "Acorn" is made sure of when the Administrative Board votes $100 toward it.

February 4.—Low Freshman class give Candy Sale at Recess. They certainly have the "pep."

February 7.—Journalism Class decides to publish "Oak Leaf" this term. Elects Philip Holden as managing editor and Ruth Eubanks literary editor.

February 8.—Impresario Wm. Cathcart offers the A. H. S. Vaudeville for our entertainment.

February 9.—Henry Schmidt elected captain of our first swimming team.

February 10.—Coach Carlyle and Elizabeth Cockroft speak about Senior Play at student meeting.

February 11.—"Quality Street," Dec. '16's production, is presented at Adelphian Hall in a very successful manner.

February 14.—A. H. S. Cadets, under weighty leadership, begin to show up splendidly.

February 15.—A. H. S. Basketball Team defeats Vocational High 20-18.

February 16.—Ollie Searing's rowing crew breaks up because everybody could not be coxswain.

February 17.—Basketball Team wallops St. Joseph's Sodality 19-10.

February 18.—A. H. S. Baseball Team is winner over Cogswell 7-0.

February 21.—Alamedans take prominent parts at Oakland Auditorium Olympiad. Otto appears in a sport short!

February 22.—Alameda cleans up Lick at baseball 10-0.

February 23.—Tryouts for Robinson Debating Medals announced.

February 24.—Star and Key alumni hold reunion.

February 25.—A. H. S. 2nd-4, Richmond 1st-2 in baseball game at Lincoln Park.

February 25.—"Jess" Willard McKinley knocks out Chief De La Mater with a round-house to the eye while playing basket-ball.

February 26.—"Lezlie" has the mumps; so is quarantined.

February 27.—Mr. Coan nearly wrecks his glasses playing volley ball at 12:50 P. M.

February 28.—Administrative Board to award numerals to winnners of inter-class competition.

February 29.—Word of death of Miss Neale, member of English faculty, causes mourning throughout the school.

March 1.—Associated Students tender vote of sympathy to relatives of our deceased teacher.

March 2.—Baseball Team trims S. F. Poly, 10-5.

March 3.—Mr. Agard plans to give Miracle play at Greek Theatre in conjunction with other High Schools in honor of Shakespeare Tercentenary.

March 6.—A. H. S. swimming team places second in North Coast Section meet of the C. I. F.

March 7.—Major Ryan, U. S. A., (not T. Ryan) inspects cadets in drill at Lincoln Park.

March 8.—Baseball Team continues winning streak by defeating San Jose at Lincoln Park, 3 to 2.

March 9.—First medal tryout for debating held. Twenty-four in first contest, in which half are eliminated.

March 10.—O. Rittler complains of rough house in rooting sections.

March 13.—"Red Souther proves a regular "Uncle Jake" at auction in school yard.

March 14.—Alameda ball team beaten by U. of C. Freshmen 4 to 3.

March 15.—"Dutch" Cramer gets ten demerits for "inhaling" in uniform.

March 16.—"Reckless" Mac Rae presents one of our old friends with some "bones!"

March 17.—A. H. S. Baseball Team 14, U. S. S. Albatross 5.

March 20.—Auctioneer Wm. Cathcart favors the "penny ante" system with a five-cent raise and two-bit limit.

April 3.—"Hack" pitches five to one victory over Fremont at Lincoln Park.

April 12.—Student Meeting to help Shakespearean Play at Greek Theater.

April 14.—Alameda winds up baseball season by plastering a 15 to 4 defeat on Berkeley.

APRIL 15—A WEEK'S RESPITE—APRIL 24.

April 27.—Cyril Smith, in the 220, and Willis Garrettson, the shotputter, take points in A. C. A. L. Track Meet.

April 29.—Mr. Agard's advisory wins the baseball title from Mr. Minium's, 5 to 4.

May 1.—Administrative Board votes numerals to swimmers and baseball winners. Messrs. Minium's and Smith's, and Miss Du Bois' Advisories are awarded pennants for 100% student dues paid.

May 3.—Frances Preston wins the prize for the design of the Robinson Debating Medals.

May 4.—A. H. S. Cadets declared to be the best drilled of all companies in the encampment at Manzanita Range.

May 5.—"Stunt" party at Elsie Bishop's to provide money for Acorn. "Bish" wears goggles for a week afterward.

May 8.—"Jar" Moffat on the honor roll.

May 11.—Andy Townsend and Felix Mehan win Block A's in A. C. A. L. Swimming Meet.

May 12.—Eight page "Oak Leaf" makes its appearance for the edification of our parents. Bravo, Philip & Arthur F.!

May 13.—School Exhibit held here. H. Dexter elected Secretary of Parents-Teachers Associations. Brommage-Berlin incubator gives a Petaluma aspect to hall outside of Miss Berg's room.

May 15.—A. H. S. Tennis Team defeats Oakland Tech, Oakland, San

Mateo, and Sequoia High Schools at Berkeley inter-scholastic.

May 17.—Nominations for school offices are held at 2:50 P. M. in the Study Hall. H. Westbrook is the "jefe politico."

May 18.—Military drill and review extraordinary at Advisory.

May 19.—Senior Day—also tag day. Senior vs. Underclassmen in football game at Lincoln Park. H. Cuneo is the star!

May 22.—Freshmen take lessons in sign painting with "19" as their model. Then they have an attack of washwoman's knee.

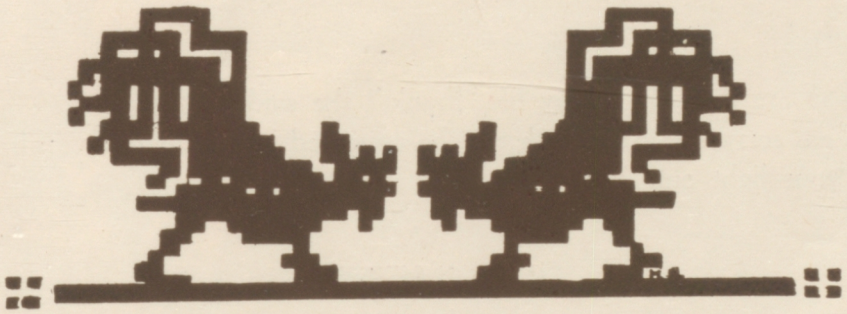
May 29.—Seniors are yawning all day long. Out every night until the wee sma' hours. "The pace that kills," etc.

May 30.—Robinson Debating Contest is terminated under the direction of Mr. Smith.

June 1.—Commencement Exercises at Methodist Church. No tears are noticeable, perhaps, because they are '49ers.

June 2.—Ar-h-h!! The fatal carmine decorations! Or, perchance, all 1's, like Elinor Malic's. Warden Dr. Thompson paroles some 700 until July 29. All is over—Farewell, fair A. H. S.!

JOSHES



1. Harold Kahn offers as a syllogism in Eng. 3:

My cat has three tails. My cat has one tail more than no cat, and no cat has two tails; therefore, my cat has three tails.

2. Hal Davis goes him one better:

Light comes from the sun,
Feathers are light;
Therefore, feathers come from the sun.

3. HOW TO LEARN GERMAN

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche sprache?
Du moost eat apout a peck,
A week o' stingin' sauerkraut;
Und sefen pounds of speck:
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
Und deuce knows vot in rum;
Dish ish de only cerdin vay to make
De Cherman accents coom.

DEEP!

Bernice F.—Pettes means well, but he has a habit of telling all he knows.

Alice E.—Yes I noticed it. I was alone with him last night for five minutes.

"You are the light of my life, Frank," she said.

"I am sorry," said her father as he appeared in the doorway, "I'll have to put your light out."

ONE ON HEINE

Heine Westbrook is very punctilious and in this case was especially anxious to create a good impression. But Hayashi made the mistake of sending with the roses the card that read, "Do the best you can for two dollars."

-SOLDIERS THREE-

"ATTEN-SHUN!!"

-HARD GUYS-

-OUR YELL LEADER-

A.H.S. BAND
A.H.S. VS OAK. TECH.

-JNO. C. TIBBETS-

-HAM + BUD-

-GINGER + GEO. WASHINGTON SANFORD-

"GOING, GOING, GONE! SOLD TO MR. THOMAS FOR 10¢"

-HANDSOME- ISN'T HE!-

Foster Miles was trying to get into the dinky the other day and the conductor, noticing his difficulty called to him.

"Try sideways."

Foster said, "That's easy to say, but I haven't any sideways."

"I am delighted to meet you," said the mother of a student to Miss Du Bois. "My son took Algebra from you last term, you know."

"Pardon me," said Miss Du Bois, "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

He—"Please do not call me Mr. Wilkens."

She—"Oh! I've known you such a short time, why should I not call you that?"

He—"Principally because my name is Wilcox."

Did you know that there is a baby born every second but that the babies have nothing on the Fords?

Did you know that it is easier for a girl to knit her brows than to darn her hose?

"Pa," inquired Homer Kemble, "is it true that school teachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said his father.

"Well, then," said the youth indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should teachers get paid when us kids do all the work?"

Father—Well, what have you learned in school today?

Janet Brown—How to whisper without moving the lips.

A GOOD MARKSMAN!

Drug Clerk—Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I gave you?

Walter Cramer—No, I tried for two hours and I couldn't hit one.

Pansy—Albert, what are you scratching your head for?

Dunn—Because nobody else knows just where it itches.

She thinks of dropping Latin,
And all her friends concur,
For, knowing her, they quite agree,
One tongue's enough for her.

Don Thomas—"Usher, where is my friend sitting?"
Usher—"In the dog seat, sir."
Don—"Dog seat? What do you mean?"
Usher—"Down in seat K-9."

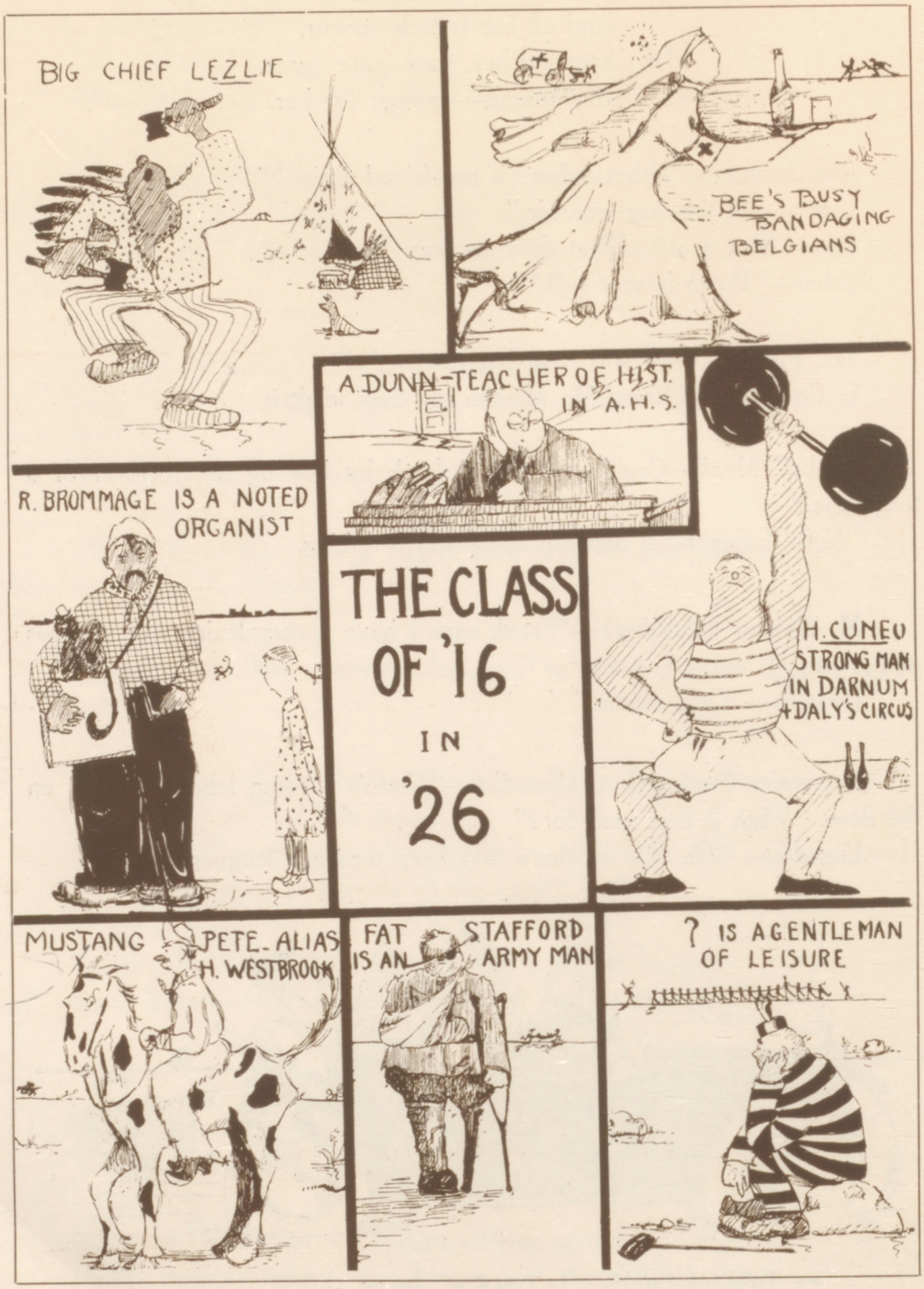
Jas. Pitman—How was iron first discovered?
B. Goodman—I heard Mr. Minium say they smelt it.

"Babe" Myall—Could you get a shock by holding the receiver of a telephone?
"Skib" Edinger—It depends upon who is talking.

M. Walden (blushing)—"Frank says I have a complexion like peaches and cream.
Douglas—"Cold cream."

Inquisitive Freshman to Librarian—"There's a room labeled 'Vault' on the door. What is that used for?"
Librarian—"Oh, that is where they keep the dead languages."

— DOC LUM'S JITNEY BUS —


BIG CHIEF LEZLIE
BEE'S BUSY BANDAGING BELGIANS
A. DUNN-TEACHER OF HIST. IN A.H.S.
R. BROMMAGE IS A NOTED ORGANIST
THE CLASS OF '16 IN '26
H. CUNEO STRONG MAN IN DARNUM & DALY'S CIRCUS
MUSTANG PETE-ALIAS H. WESTBROOK
FAT STAFFORD IS AN ARMY MAN
? IS A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE

HACK'S A WORKING GURL.
ECKY BRUTON-THE SURF BEACH VENUS
"LOTTIE AND LESTER - THOSE YIFTY YODELERS
DON THOMAS IS LEADING THE SIMPLE LIFE
F.S. ASCHE EXALTED RULER OF THE I.W.W'S.
GINGER AND ELSIE "AT HOME"

Teacher—"Why do we generally refer to a city as 'she'?"
H. Kahn—"Because it has outskirts."

Elsie—Why, Heine, it's only six o'clock and I told you to call after dinner.
Heine—That's what I'm after.

Father (leaning over railing in pajamas)—Daughter!
Ginger—Yes, father.
Father—Just tell the young man in the parlor if he is waiting for the morning paper he can get it quicker down town.

Miss Connelly—When was Christ born?
Wise Soph.—27 B. C.

Freshman—"Do you know the Major?"
J. Tibbits—"Well, the other day in drill when I said, 'Who goes there?' he said, 'Friend'; but now he won't even look at me."

Thornton Davis—"Why do you take your license out every time your machine breaks down?"
Mr. Minium—"It says that I am competent and able to repair it."

B. Wilcox—"What is your favorite study?"
W. Hessemeyer—"Recess."

At recess Dr. Thompson saw a crowd in front of the school. He asked Cyril Smith, "What is the trouble?"
Cyril—"Nothing, only the fellow that runs the steam roller wants us to call him a chauffeur."

W. Wood—"Where's your brother?"
D. Rosen—"He's downtown learning to drill."
Wood—"What's he going to be, a soldier?"
Rosen—"No, a dentist."

Pinkey—I certainly was moved by what Mr. Smith said to-day.
C. Leach—What was that?
Pinkey—He said, "Ward, leave the room."

"These are stirring times," said the spoon as it stirred the sugar round the coffee cup.
"I have no grounds for complaint," said the coffee cup.

Mr. Coan (looking at Asche's tie)—Yes, it seems that savages like the most gaudy colors.

DID HE FINISH THE COURSE?

Teacher (?)—Do I make myself plain?
Percy—Why, I thought you grew that way.

A boy stood on the railroad track—
The train was coming fast;
The boy stepped off the railroad track
And let the train go past. Stung!

Maude Naghel—Why are some of the girls of our singing class like pirates?
Marguerite King—Got me.
Maude—Because they are rough on the high C's.

Eddie Durst—I've got some of the funniest pictures you ever saw.
Bill Vaughan—Really! Where did you have them taken?

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away."
Good nuff! But an onion a day will keep everybody away.

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on the head. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

COME ON FELLERS— MAKE IT BIG NOW!

—CUT IT OUT LESTER—

—DISTURBING THE PEACE—

—A BONY (?) LASSIE—

MATH. 4A's

—OUR 1916 FOOTBALL CAPTAIN—

—ROAMING RUFUS + ROMEO—

THE COLORS
A.H.S. VS OAK. TECH.

"STEW"

"Yes," said the tree, "I suppose I'm ready as far as my trunk goes, but I've decided not to leave until spring."

"Pray, don't go yet," said Carol to Phil
Stay and sing something for me."
You must excuse me tonight, it's very late, and I might disturb the neighbors."
"Never mind the neighbors," Carol answered quickly, "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

Mrs. Davis took Hal to a fortune teller on the zone.

"Your son will be distinguished if he lives long enough," the fortune teller said with a mysterious faraway look.

,"Oh, how lovely," exclaimed Hal's mother. "What will he be distinguished for?"

Replied the fortune teller slowly, "Old Age."

Mr. Coan was discussing his experience in China. "Why, do you know," he said, "human life is regarded as of slight value. If a wealthy Chinese is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him; and I believe many poor fellows get their living this way."

Alice C.—"He has such a magnetic personality."
Helen B.—"Yes, always got hang-nails."

Irving Edinger—"Yes, Sallie is prettier, but Muriel has more backbone."
Victor—"More backbone?"
Irving—"Yes, she's taller."

Mrs. Edinger (to Coach Rittler)—"I think running is very bad for the heart. I'd hate to have Irving run in an important race."

Otto (dryly)—"So would I."

H. Cuneo—"How much for those collars?"
Clerk—"Two for a quarter."
Harold—"How much for one?"
Clerk—"Fifteen cents."
Cuneo—"Give me the other one."

Fred Terry was observed trying one wet day to put a blanket on his machine.

Said Mr. Chouree—"No use Terry, I saw it."

Shep.—I want some summer underclothes.
Clerk—How long?
Shep.—I don't want to rent 'em, I want to buy 'em.

First Microbe—Heard you had a big party last night. Many of the boys there?
Second Microbe—Naw, only about three million.

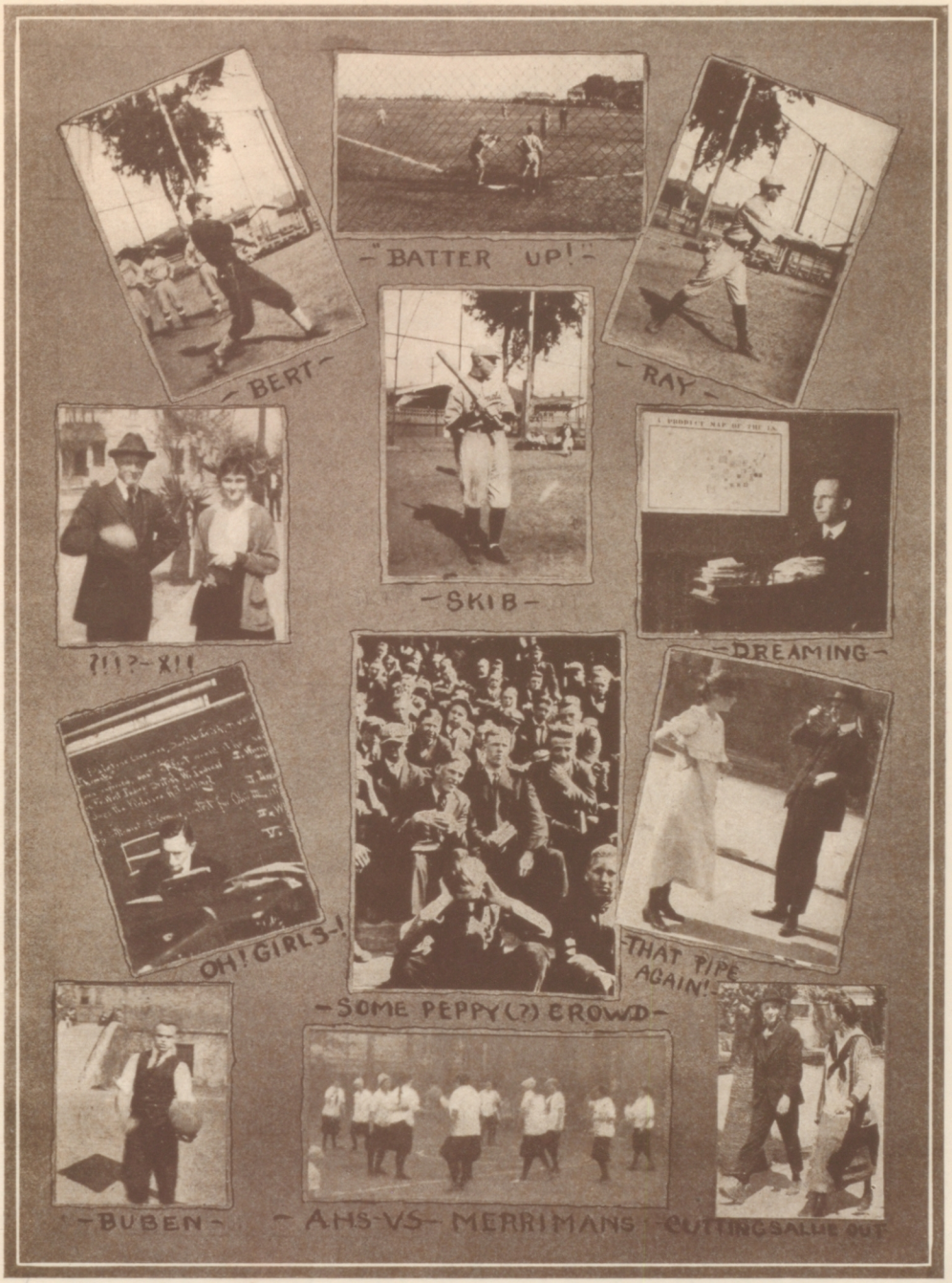
Burton—"Oh, did I step on your foot again?"
Sallie (resigned and game)—"I didn't know you had been off of it yet."

Miss Dyer (in Zoo)—"What is the main part of a horse?"
W. Toye—"Why the hair on his neck, of course."

Tom Ryan—"What do you miss most since moving to Alameda?"
D. Stafford—"Trains."

B. Brane—"Ever been hypnotized?"
Meek Freshman—"Well, I subscribed for the Oak Leaf and the Acorn and paid my student dues this term. What do you call that?"

Miss Dyer (in Hygiene)—"What are the last teeth to come?"
Ecky Burton—"False teeth, I guess."


"BATTER UP!"
-BERT-
-RAY-
-SKIB-
?!!?-X!!
-DREAMING-
OH! GIRLS-!
-THAT PIPE AGAIN!
-SOME PEPPY(?) CROWD-
-BUBEN-
-AHS-VS-MERRIMANS-
-CUTTINGSALUE OUT

Extract from Administrative Board Minutes.

"Mr. Gilliland, being secretary and next in power, was instructed to do the swearing."

What is the Administrative Board coming to?

Yonnie—I put my hand on a hot stove. What shall I do?

Miss Dyer—Read Carlyle's Essay on Burns.

Donald Thomas had a d8
With Miss Sanford at 8
At the old garden g8
But sad to rel8
That maid did not w8
For the bad boy was 18
And so ended his f8

Mr. Evans—What's that rattling?

Ned J.—Me.

Mr. Evans—I didn't know you had brains enough to rattle.

Mr. Daniels—Where is your book?

Reg Vaughn—I forgot and took it home last night.

Ecky—If the girls who are not asked to dance at ordinary dance are called "Wall-flowers," what do you call the boys who are not asked to dance at a leap year dance?

Sister Helen—Why, wal-nuts, of course!

Margaret Rose—Who is he? He seems to be wandering in his mind.

Olive Burwell—Well, he can't stray far.

Tom Hutt—We're still drifting, did you throw the anchor overboard?

Freshie Baum—Yes, but I cut off the rope. I thought you would like to save that.

High Senior Zoo

This is the High Senior Zoo,
If your name isn't down here all you
  Needn't think it's a slight,
  For your name may be right
But you're not a High Senior, are you?

"Graceful" Asche is his name, so they say
  Tho' his right name is F Sherman A.
  He makes love like a bird,
  But we've recently heard
That his love and ideal's F. S. A.

We have a new society,
And Miss Esther Anderson, she
  Calls "Time" from the chair
  With no language to spare
For the debating society.

Don't you go to a tropical land
To find sharks, and meet maids on the
      sand:
  For our Claire is a shark,
  And, if the hall's dark,
Shell Hula dance at your command.

We've a strong police force at hand
With doughty Adams in command.
  At the mock trial he
  Got a policeman's fee
For he surely knows how to take the
      stand.

About Auslen we tried to write
But you see, we are not very bright.
  A rhyme for his name
  We confess with much shame
It's impossible to bring one to sight.

We have with us tonight the four B's
Whom seldom together one sees.
  That's why they're thus grouped
  And together they're cooped,—
For the sake of their Q's and their P's.

There was a young fellow named Bates
Who dined with his best girl at Tait's
  On lobster and ham
  And coffee and jam;
And since then Mr. Bates keeps no dates.

Of our fine young friend, Wm. Bean
The name's about all we have seen;
  But from that we should say,
  That the Y. M. C. A.
And Van Camps are outclassed by this
      Bean.

A certain young lady named Elsie,
Once sat with a youth in a dell—see?
  Her father appeared,
  Her lover was queered,
And her friends called it pretty near—
      see?

There are several spiecies of bee
From social to sewing, you see;
  But it's said by some
  Who have heard our "Bee" hum
That we have a pure "honey Bee."

With a honk, and a toot, and a bang
And a shriek like a firebell's clang,
  Ray comes into sight,
  And all scatter in fright
For we hope he's not destined to hang.

Ecky cut bangs one fine day,
And a riot began right away,
  For the bangs of her hair
  Make this damsel fair.
A buffalo shame, so they say.

Helen Held up a Hideous Hole,
Seeking to Scrutinize her Sole;
  Sternly She Said,
  Holding Haughtily Her Head,
"Such Sufferings Surely Sanctify the
      Soul."

There are two in our famous Ford Co.
Whose names I am sure you all know:
  Rattling noisly by
  You can readily spy
Where Cundall and Stafford do go.

We see him wherever we go;
But we've ne'er heard him speak yet,
      and so
  We have doubts when they say,
  In a serious way:
"He's a talkative youth, Cuneo."

When an exultant war whoop is heard
And you vision a buffalo herd,
  The "Chief" is near by
  With that proud eagle eye
That would shame poor Columbia's bird.

When you feel a strong draft in the air
You'll know Dickinson is somewhere.
  When he is near by
  You look up at the sky
And wonder if it's cold up there.

Albert gets not enough rest at night
To clear his brain and rest his sight;
  So he sleeps thru the day
  In an innocent way,
Waking up during Exes to write.

With a drawl and his glass in his eye,
Frank Estes comes sauntering by.
  Our "chappy" is he,
  So daper and free
With his "Hawf" and his "Cawn't" and
      his sigh.

High Senior Zoo

Our Ruth's a Parisian dame
Tho it doesn't come out in her name.
  In her dresses so chic,
  She goes to the nick
And puts the actresses to shame.

There is a young lady named Gohn
  Who rises each day with the dahn.
  When money she needs,
  Example she heeds,
And puts the electric in pahn.

We have a young suffragist gay
Who chants in the usual way
  Of "Down with vile man,
  Vote all women who can."
No one can this stern Connie dismay.

Lot's wife got scared stiff in the dark
When in Sodam she saw the first spark;
  But our Lottie won't scare,
  For she is a bear
And also a fierce (Latin) shark.

She has hair like a halo of gold,
Tho by some it's been said, we are told,
  Mil's hair's more like a poney's
  Than good(golden moneys,
But that's only what we are told.

We give sales of pink lemonade
To get the poor "Stude" body aid;
  But we'd send, if we knew
  How the deed we could do,
Our two fair Knights on a crusade

Ruby comes from the country, this maid,
From the fields she's but recentyl strayed;
  And we envy her, too,
  For, unlike some of you,
Of working she is not afraid.

With his soulful eyes and saintly smile
Manetta makes friends all the while.
  But we wonder if when
  With none but to men
He still will have saintly his smile.

"Bossy Bunny" they call her up here,
And she keeps us in direful fear;
  For a new thing each day
  She makes us all pay;
So in more ways than one she is **dear**

When Russ plays on his cornet at night,
All the cats in the place start to fight,
  And between them they make
  Far too much noise to take
In one dose, which seems hardly right.

If you want Madcap Marjorie
Grace O'Connell you should at once see:
  She's an Irish maid,
  But all undismayed
The Highland fling she'll do or "dee."

We don't want to tell all we know
About Emma Paulsmeir and so
  We only will say
  That from night to day
With Lottie she always will go.

One day as she walked down the hall,
Fair Margaret heard a loud call;
  Her ankle she turned
  Her feelings they burned
When she heard the poor basket bawl.

To uphold our athletic prowess
And gain glory as a redress
  Is Townsend's main aim
  And we know he is game
For he's a friend in the thick of the press.

Sweet Alice's is a studious lass
Who illiminates the history class.
  Nineteen hundred's the date
  But she gives it "Ought eight,"
And thinks that her answer should pass.

If fortunes were won by a "line"
Lester Souther would soon own a mine:
  He can talk, and not stop
  Till his auditors drop,
And come out quite smiling and fine.

If a little blue light you should spy
And a snake dancer agile and spry,
  Don't think it's a sell
  For it will be Nell
With re lit chafing dish held on high.

Don is tearing his hair in despair
And it's over a question of hair.
  To the nick, if you go
  To witness a show,
With the blonde or brunette he'll be there.

We've many queer beasts in this zoo
And Damon and Pythias, too,
  You can't tell them apart
  Except by Maule's part
And the things that Bernard doesn't do.

There's a senior at school who's a pair
For, frankly there 're two of her there.
  If she came up alone
  The High School would groan
And give up the ghost in despair.
When you hear a loud noise and you turn,

Expecting the lightning to burn;
  Don't be shocked if it's clear,
  For, tho it seems queer,
It is friend Westbrook talking, you'll learn.

Tom Ryan is a cowboy bold,
And bandits he chases I'm told,
  He rides over town
  When he thinks they're aroun'
And holds them for ransom in gold.

This is the high senior zoo,
And if you don't like it, why you
  Can do nothing but sigh,
  For we bid you goodby,
Which perhaps is the best we could do.